

DIANE
SHE CAME FROM VENUS
by
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CHAPTER I

ALL over the world an auspicious new day is dawning. A triumphant spiritual victory is soon to be won. Many earthlings will live to see it emblazoned across the morning skies comingled with the dazzling radiance of the sunrise. With trumpets and fanfare the New Age will be ushered in. When that wonderful "day arrives those from ON HIGH will descend earthward. They will help to release all the human family to a new octave in living. "And He shall send His angels with a great sound of the trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the -four winds ..." Matt. 24:31.

The "coming of the angels" has been shouted from every pulpit over the face of the globe. Who and what are these angels? Are they, sprightly etherial beings, winged like the birds and with a passion for harps? Or are they other planetary teachers, clothed in celestial splendor-beings who have come unbidden to our beleaguered planet that they might better serve us, a lesser order of life?

Since 1947 when so-called flying saucers began to appear in great numbers in our skies, many intelligent earthlings have had a radical change of mind. Static viewpoint has given way to wonderment. Many of us like to think of these superior ones as being human like ourselves ... perhaps further along on the roadway of life. It is possible they have been supervising our growth and development from the days of our turbulent beginnings to our present state of civilization. Perhaps the lights from their candles have never ceased burning ... or buried deep in the archives of their holy temp-les our own New- Age Charter was drafted. In other words: Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for those who shall be the heirs of salvation? Heb. 1,14.

We are living in momentous days. There is a supreme moment in the heart of each new cycle, and many believe that moment is here now. Anything can happen from a little miracle to a big miracle. It can happen today, it can happen tomorrow or it can be postponed for many more centuries. It is up to us. Those who were accorded an earthly existence at the beginning of this great epoch, and those who will be permitted to live in the shadow of its close, are indeed the favored ones. It is at the commencement and conclusion that the universal dials are set.

The time between is -filled with the loitering expansion of the forward march. At the gateway to every major cycle there is a beacon light to pilot the way. Throughout the ' long centuries of recorded events a few earthlings have watched the flutterings of that celestial candle. Today signs and omens 'are coming to us in ever-increasing numbers. The minute hand of destiny is leading us toward that exalted goal. Mystics aver that the coming of strange spacecraft .to our skies is the most significant event since the birth of Christ.

I Think what it will mean to this muddled world when the avenues of space, have been conquered! When we can be certain other planets are peopled with beings like ourselves! But more memorable than all, when we can embrace their wonderful way of life.

Always out of the great mass of humanity there are the challenging few who must go on ahead. They are the torch-bearers. These chosen ones, the weavers of destiny are the ones in whom we must place our faith and our trust. They make up the warp and the woof of the fabric of *tomorrow*.

There is a turning point in every human life ... a time when some paramount decision must be made. The turning point in your author's life came sixteen years ago when she first stepped

out of a /holocaust of sacred fire and was “ostensibly” teleported to the Planet Venus. That this might be more clearly understood by new readers, I quote a passage from the first book recently published - MY FLIGHT TO VENUS.

“I leaped to my feet as if to herald in some cosmic drama. Then IT came, "starting at my ankles like a gorgeous display of lighted fireworks ... a transcendant violet flame that fanned out until it enveloped my body like an aura of sacred fire. As the flame grew in intensity, extending over a wide periphery, it raced through every cell cleansing and purifying as it went. Channels of my mind that had been tightly closed before opened up like an enchanted lotus flower. I was vibrant, magnetic and I could feel the effervescence of an enthusiasm I had never felt before. My heart beating in rhapsodic rhythm was tuned in no-w with the heartbeat of the universe. I was no longer a citizen of a little inhibited world, but a guest in the World Universal. I was no longer a separate entity, a human personality, but a part and parcel of every inch of God’s glorious creation. In that moment I knew as others before me have known, the true meaning of the UNITY and the ONENESS of ALL.”

Since the inauguration of the “flying saucer-era” many have claimed to have made contact with strange spacecraft. Some contend they have met these visitors from other planets, face to face. Sightings by the thousands have been catalogued in public records. Countless more thousands have seen “something” in the skies, but have never reported the happening. It is apparent of course, a large percentage of these accounts " can be discredited but this still leaves a substantial number of sightings unaccounted for. Countless hundreds of intelligent persons could not easily mistake whirling silvery discs and brilliantly lighted craft travelling at lightning-like speed, for cosmic vapors and frivolous seagulls. Yet, this is just what our would-be superiors would like to make us believe.

Today, even the “sightings” have had to go underground. Spectacular happenings in our skies seldom reach our newspapers or other news-dispatching mediums. The reasons are apparent and some of them are justifiable and sound. We earthlings have not been cultured to meet a superior order of being. I We have waded through centuries of conditioning weighted down -with the warring instinct. A traditional chip on our shoulder, a gun and saber in our holster, we deem it would not be proper and fitting to meet them as friends.

This could be the reason they are seldom seen except in the barren wastes of the desert and in other lonely, isolated spots. It might also be the occasion for them being seen by the lowly ones and not our top-bracket “brass”. The lowly ones have played no great role in the “bomb-happy” world. The lowly spirit has been their “shield and buckler” against the ego’s hateful seeds coming to fruition. Those who claim to have seen the saucers at close range, or allege they have ridden in them are grateful and appreciative for these golden nuggets mined from higher lands. These moments of other-worldly grandeur could not be wrenched from them on the highest hangman’s rope. The discs in the skies might disappear forever, but in their hearts their own singular experience will never be erased. The skeptics and the die-hards will shout to the heavens it is all a myth but those who have seen for themselves will never change their minds. They go around with a smile on their lips for they know when transition time comes; perhaps long before that day the skeptics too will have seen for themselves. They will quickly forget they ever doubted or ridiculed.

Skepticism is always present when changes are eminent. To be jarred loose from preconceived convictions is vexing and painful.

Fearing both God and man the die-hard groups hesitate to venture over virgin soil. They are skeptics only because they refuse to weigh the evidence. They are with us now and they

will always be with us and so we can forget them. Over the face of the earth today, thousands are beginning to embrace the hopeful thought that in the not-too-far-distant-future we will be travelling from -planet to -planet. Then we will no longer be obliged to depend upon visions, inspired messages, hit-and-miss physical contacts. That which seems mysterious to us now will be commonplace. We are a people prone to dub all revolutionary happenings as fantastic, but in the end this illusionary phenomena usually turns out to be the genuine reality.

Your author's first eye-view experience with flying discs occurred one day in mid-August 1952. I quote from an addendum attached to the back of MY FLIGHT TO VENUS.

"Driving my car out on the desert near Cabot's Old Indian Pueblo, Desert Hot Springs, California, my attention was suddenly captured skyward. Silhouetted against the red and gold of the fading sunset I saw the exact replica of the gem-studded spaceship that years before had flown me to Venus. It was of leviathan size and perfect in every detail. Some distance above the mother ship and making a pragmatic square in the heavens, were four silvery discs. Out over the broad expanse of violet-tinted desert they looked like shiny moons. From my vantage point high above the village I could clearly discern lines of radiation extending from the larger craft to the smaller discs. It was quite apparent the discs were being re-fueled by means of solar radiation."

Surely this offers some ray of hope in our world of magnified atom madness. How much more secure we would feel knowing these superior ones have been sent to us to help absorb our nauseating stupidities? To assist us over the threshold of the new cycle ahead.

These are the sparks from the central flame. As we march onward toward the New Age we will witness the spectacular and the bizarre in epic proportions. Transiting this cyclic change means changing everything upon the earth ... perhaps transforming the face of the earth itself.

CHAPTER II

EVERY great sage has said: "There is nothing in the universe impossible of accomplishment." Every philosopher and mystic has declared: "Whatsoever the human mind can imagine, it can ultimately achieve."

Creation and re-creation is as simple as that. The will to create is actualized throughout all Nature. It is behind the science of all predictive arts. We know that every psychical experience comes to us from the reservoir of the unknown, but it is none-the-less real for it portends the coming of future events. When the mind is properly attuned it captures the universal flow of life. One day science will realize there is nothing supernatural, but only higher arcs of the natural exemplified.

The coming of Diane, that lovely lady from Venus, the world might call an experience in the "miraculous", yet this strange happening proves there are points of specialization somewhere out in space. While the *modus operandi* of such a phenomenon is still beyond ordinary comprehension it can be intelligently explained. Your author first made contact with DIANE in June 1939. I quote from MY FLIGHT TO VENUS:

"Still wrapped in the warm intoxication of the spirit, my vision was directed to a gnarled old tree overlooking the antediluvian hills. Leaning casually against the grotesque trunk was a woman being of unsurpassed loveliness. Her head was radiant with a crown of fire, strands of golden hair cascading gently over her beautiful, slightly olive-tinted shoulders. The strange

mystic light flooding her dark, prophetic eyes, added a wistful something to all her other charms.

“I seemed to glide on rhythmic feet toward this lovely creature as though she were expecting me. She smiled her welcome. “Have no fears, Child of Earth,” she intoned. “Let the doors of your mind be opened and we of the faraway planets will speak to you in poetry and song. ...”

“It was then I observed for the first time a beautiful rocket-shaped ship suspended in mid-air about three hundred feet from the earth. It was beyond mortal words to describe. In the main it seemed to be constructed of some sort of translucent materials, but trimmed in gold, and gem-studded. An almost invisible ladder extended from the ship to the earth, and I obediently followed the radiant being up the filmy stairs without questioning. Once aboard, my sacrosanct companion vanished, and I never saw her again.

On April 29, 1955, DIANE returned. This is how it happened: Reverend Bertie Lillie Candler, proclaimed by many as the greatest physical medium of the world was holding a private seance at the Church of Divine Light, 837 South Parkview Street, Los Angeles, California.

I had never attended a materialization seance before, and my inquiring mind asked all sorts of questions. As my cerebral atoms whirled with curiosity toward the close of the meeting the “little white church” seemed to me, electrified with a powerful vibration. Then - some ten or twelve feet from the draped-off area where Reverend Candler was in deep trance I saw a rising glow of phosphorescence. It was very tall at first, but out of this phosphorescent substance a form began to manifest itself. She was definitely different from the other “spirit” manifestations, a solid, fleshly being, delicate in charm and manner.

She called for DANA. Overwhelmed with emotion I could not choke back, I went up to her, standing only inches away from the manifestation. While I did not recognize her instantly, I knew there was something quaintly familiar about her. Standing like a sylph-like goddess, and bowing low in greeting to the twenty-seven persons present, the rich tones of her voice vibrated through the little church.

“I AM DIANE. I COME FROM VENUS.”

Once adjusted to the vibrations she dwindled in size until I judged her to be about five feet tall. “As she tossed back her well-shaped head revealing her perfectly chiseled features, there was no mistaking her identity. She was the same “being of unsurpassed loveliness” who sixteen years earlier had escorted me to the waiting spaceship.

I was speechless at first, my thoughts tumbling over one another. I finally managed to say:

“Are you my mentor ... the person who has been giving me those wonderful ‘discourses?’” She answered: “Yes. *This is the first time we of the greater planets have been permitted to come to beings of earth;* From now on we shall be with you, always.”

Diane then went into a few moments of profound discoursing the content of which I could not recall later. Before taking her leave, as if to reassure me that she was *not* an imposter, she placed a corner of her jewel-bedecked garment in my hands that I might feel the texture of the fabric-materials I quickly identified as Venusian.

She then went into a beautiful, rhythmic dance described by one onlooker as “The rhythm of the ocean waves.” She finally bade us all good night and with her fragile hand on my shoulder she melted into the nothingness.

Lucile Points, of Los Angeles, one of the questers present on that memorable night says of the event:

“I have had the opportunity of sitting through many materialization seances, but I shall *never* forget one particular evening this Spring when Reverend Bertie Lillie Candler had '- one of her very interesting and inspiring seances.

A beautiful, fleshly being came, rather hesitantly at first, then saying, ‘I am Diane. I come from Venus.’ Since I was sitting next to the draped-off place I greeted this beautiful one asking: ‘With whom do you wish to speak?’ She replied softly-: ‘I wish to- speak with Dana.’

Dana Howard stepped up to her, but recognition was not instantaneous. Dana asked: ‘Do I know you?’ Diane replied: ‘Why yes, my dear. I have been with you before. I came for you when you made your flight to Venus.’

Mrs. Howard then asked her if the discourses she had been receiving since the publication of her book had been coming through her. Diane answered:

‘Yes. I have been trying to help you write the experiences you had on Venus.’

She -gave such an interesting talk with so much ‘love and "- with a soft, yet powerful voice. She then gave us somewhat of a Butterfly Waltz as if floating on wings, her full-flowing jeweled gown shining in the phospho-resent light. Yes, truly I can say this was the most outstanding experience of my life.”

Lucile Points.

Mrs. Gladys Campbell of Alhambra, California and her friend Mrs. Maude Haas both of whom were present that night have made a joint statement.

“On April 29, 1955, the writer, Mrs. Gladys Campbell and my friend, Mrs. Maude Haas, attended a materialization seance at the Church of Divine Light, 837 South Parkview Street," Los Angeles, California ... the medium being Reverend Bertie Lillie Candler of Florida, one of the foremost materialization mediums of this country.

I am more than happy to give an account of what I witnessed to the- best of my recollection, and you will recall when you spoke at the Pyramid Church in Alhambra the following Sunday after the visit, I was the one who got up and verified your statements concerning the visit of Diane.

It was truly a marvelous thing to be, present and see for myself such a wonderful personality, and I know you must be very humble and gratified to have the facts that you brought before the public in your book ‘My Flight to Venus’, substantiated in such an unexpected manner.”

Mrs. Gladys Campbell,
Mrs. Maude Haas.

The following letter from L. M. Cahill is still more explanatory:

Dear Dana Howard,

"I have for many years, engaged in private research entirely separate and apart from my profession, into the possibility of the existence of many natural laws that effect or control the earth and its people.

Such investigation and study have occasionally brought me into- contact, during their lifetimes, with many persons engaged in various scientific activities, including Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, Whitmore of the University of California and Father Rikard of the University of Santa Clara.

I have also carried my investigations and studies into the works of or records of many persons, including Jeans, Flammarion, Thompson, Kahn, Crookes, Lodge, Crandon, Prince and of Jesus of Nazareth as reported in the New Testament.

I have occasionally given some thought to the possibility of greater scientific p-roof of the existence of the earth entity after death and that there may exist a law of communication which would have application not only to persons living on other planets, but also to those who once were known as persons here, but who might be living in a-different form at places not known to us now.

Upon being informed last winter that the great materializing medium, Rev. Bertie Lilly Candler, had agreed to leave her church at Miami, Florida, for several weeks in April, 1955, for the purpose of acting as visiting pastor to the Church of Divine Light at Los Angeles at the request of its pastor Rev. Beulah Englund; I decided, in furtherance of one stage of my work, to seek permission to witness one or more of the materialization meetings that it was believed would be held while the Reverend Candler was here.

Such permission having been granted, I was privileged to witness over a number of months, the materialization of many so-called "dead" entities who appeared in Reverend Englund's church through the power of Reverend Candler, and not only talked audibly to their relatives, but who walked and danced and sang songs.

After viewing and listening to 500 or more of such materialized spirit entities, and after talking personally to twenty or more such entities, I am of the' opinion that the entity "DIANE" that appeared to you on April 29th, 1955, during a meeting where Reverend Candler was. functioning was an entirely different entity than the others. The difference is hard to describe but I will do the best I can.

She was in human form. A beautiful female dressed in white. Yards and yards of soft flowing material that gave the impression of chiffon. I was soon to realize however, that underlying the white material or possibly underlying part of same was a distinct blue effect.

I heard the entity speak your name and saw you move out of the group of approximately thirty men and women present and approach her. The first word I heard her say was "Diane". Then followed some conversation in low tone and as I recall it she said: 'Diane is my earth name'.

The entity then moved very gracefully forward and toward the center (from the side lines} of the-church and performed a dance of a type or style of which I had no previous knowledge. The motion was rolling, as of ocean waves; the body was moving in a rolling motion and in what appeared to be an arc, or a series of such. The dancing continued for about one minute and the entity after what appeared to be a final word to you, disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared.

I would be very foolish to attempt to describe the beauty of this entity or the graceful rhythm of her dancing or the perfume that so definitely followed her. I do not care for the commonly used phrase 'out of the world'. but that is what it appeared to me and to those present.

I believe I am well on the road to being, able to place before others, if requested, a scientific explanation of all of the other entities, but as to this one I do not have even a sound theory for the present.

Sincerely yours,

L. M. Cahill.

A final statement from Reverend Beulah Englund should prove conclusively that Diane was not an ordinary materialization but something beyond the scope of knowledge of all to those present.

Dear Dana Howard,

This is to state that I have known Reverend Bertie Lilly Candler for many years and can honestly vouch for the authenticity of her work. She has worked in my church many, many times and has drawn her audiences from the highest brackets of society, doctors, lawyers, educators - and just plain every day folks.

I consider what happened at my church on April 29th a miracle. I no longer look upon it as a church but as a shrine that will help many people with their problems.

My only regret is I missed part of Diane's appearance. It was growing late and two or three of my guests had to leave by way of the back door to go home. When I returned I saw the beautiful woman standing there, and knew that nothing like it had ever come before. I sincerely believe it was not a spirit apparition as the others had been but a physical being from another planet. Whether she was teleported direct from Venus or whether she came from one of the spaceships seen by members of the Air Force over Mrs. Howard's home town at the same time she appeared in my church ... -I do not know. I *do know* this is the greatest privilege Rev. Beulah Englund will have in this lifetime.

Sincerely,

Reverend Beulah Englund.

The appearance of the lovely Diane in the little white church in Los Angeles is only one side of the miracle that occurred on April 29, 1955. Out on the desert where your author resides during resort season, another miracle had happened. Mrs. Barbara MacDonald, a member of the Ground Observation Corp, a civilian agency attached to the Air Force reported that her skywatchers had broadcast four strange ships seen high in the desert skies during the week of Diane's visitation. There was no chance for error here ... no exaggerated rumors, for all sightings were the result of observers detailed to duty, Air Force volunteers whose task it is to spot and report any unusual happening or any alien ship seen in the skies. These skywatchers, working different shifts, all gave the same account. Mrs. McDonald reports that H. A. Mooney, a young man well trained in sky phenomena and only recently out of the Navy, stated he saw a huge ship very high over the desert skies and travelling at a startling rate of speed. Although the ship was of gargantuan size there was no tail fire and it was

absolutely noiseless. Mooney stated it revealed a long row of odd-looking portholes from which streamed radiant fire. It vanished into nothingness before his eyes.

Mrs. McDonald further relates that a few nights later, Jan Carlyle, secretary of a prominent Palm Springs attorney, another duly appointed skywatcher, reported a similar happening. This ship was virtually the same in appearance. It was described as unusual in size the same long row of portholes and travelling at fabulous speed. It too was noiseless. Repeating substantially the same story as young Mooney, the ship vanished into thin air while the watcher's eyes were upon it.

Again Mrs. McDonald tells of another similar. incident. Rickey Anderson, another skywatcher and a decided unbeliever in the "saucer theory", reported a few nights later the appearance of two such ships traversing the desert skies. He described the light streaming from the portholes as a luminous blue-white light. The ships were travelling in an easterly direction and he followed them over the little town of Thousand Palms, California, but like the others they disappeared into the invisible beyond.

Your author has been reliably informed that all four sightings have been duly classified by the Air Force. as "unidentified flying objects."

Again, a few nights later the townspeople of Desert Hot Springs, California, a health resort located ten miles from Palm Springs, were alerted by a different kind of craft. Flying the skies, almost directly over my home, Joe and Marian Merrick made this sighting report:

"It was 7 o'clock in the evening," say the Merricks. "We were sitting on our front porch when suddenly we saw a strange object in the sky, the forepart of the ship a huge orange disc, the tail portion made up of blue-green lights which seemed to flash a luminosity over the desert sky. It was broad daylight and visibility over the broad expanse of open desert made the sighting stand out in *bas relief*.

"We watched it for quite a long time. There was no wind. A quiet still desert evening. Then as suddenly as it appeared it took off at great speed and disappeared into thin air."

Joe and Marian Merrick,
Desert Hot Springs, California.

This sighting was confirmed by countless other individuals but I quote from the lips of Mrs. Agnes Gentile who has been a desert resident for many years and familiar with desert sky phenomena. "I was out of doors with the children," says Mrs. Gentile. My little granddaughter saw it first. She looked upward and screamed. There was this fantastic thing - huge ball of orange fire with a long tail of brilliant blue-green light. It so frightened the children they ran screaming into the house."

Alice Gentile.

Now comes the poser, where did these strange ships come from? Are there transporting currents in the atmosphere about which our scientists know nothing? Will voyaging to the stars be a common-place when we learn these secrets? Again ... was the lovely Diane, "teleported" from one of these ships or did she come over the clouds from Venus? Are the ships equipped with some sort of mechanism capable of rendering them invisible as it would appear? Perhaps teleportative methods is the answer to their sudden appearance and the same abrupt disappearance. There seem to be no differing accounts in this particular. Their speed

and maneuverability is beyond our comprehension. They seem to flash through the skies with lightning-quick velocity, then without a wave of warning, dissolve into nothingness.

Is this the way God works his miracles? Is this something we might hope for out of our own illimitable future?

CHAPTER III

WHERE are these strange sky ships coming from? This is a question I am asked repeatedly. From many and varied reports they seem to range in size all the way from a child's toy to leviathan craft. It is not wholly convincing to earthlings that the smaller ships at least, could battle air waves across millions of miles of space. Science cannot answer the question any more conclusively than the layman. At this point we can only theorize. To be able to think without prejudice we must be able to view psychism, not as some sort of bewitching magic, but a genuinely real science ... the doors of perception opened up to the flow of divine vision.

It is ever the urge of the soul to know itself. If we remain fair to ourselves it is not difficult to believe that buried deep in the heart and soul of every living being is that unconscious desire to penetrate the deep abyss of the unknown. This means we must let the seers and the mystics lead the way. They know because some time in their lives they have made touch with *knowing*. The mystic sees through divine binoculars. He is discerning in his knowledge of the universe for his perceptions have been enlarged to embrace the unknowable.

The story of Mount Shasta has been told and re-told but to this day it still remains the unsolved enigma of the north-west United States. Perhaps even this riddle can now be solved through the coming of flying saucers. It is not only possible, but probable that Mount Shasta and other high consecrated points on our globe are the actual conditioning stations for visitors from outer space. It would seem like sound reasoning logic to assume that voyagers from other planets upon first coming into our earth's orbit would have to be conditioned to our atmosphere. They would need to adapt themselves not only physically, but they would need to accommodate themselves to our thought processes. We earthlings learn to conform even in small ways. Interplanetary visitors would necessarily have to harmonize and fit into the lowered vibration of our earth. I quote another passage from "MY FLIGHT TO VENUS":

"I recall distinctly when I first put my foot on Venus I was attired in the robes of earth, but it was all so different. My whole being seemed to be made" up of rarified essences. - My personal appearance had changed. With the heightened vibrations there was a radiance, an alphabet of quality I had never known on earth."

While this is extraneous to average intelligent thinking, we must realize we are living today in the greatest era the human race on this planet has ever known. This takes us out of bounds of the usual and forces us to round new corners. It brings us ever closer to events that make the stars stand still. However, once we are irrefutably convinced these so-called flying saucers are coming from outer space, we will then be able to accept the star-standing-still events without quibble or question.

This is where the hitherto unsolved mystery of Mount Shasta might shed some small measure of light over the broad scope of doubt. For several hundred years past, the tall, pine-treed cliffs of Mount Shasta have held inviolate a secret believed by many to embrace a long-dead tradition. There are geologists and other men of science who proclaim it the oldest land

on earth - a consecrated plot cut off from that mythical continent known as Lemuria. It is believed by many that in some miraculous way this plot of earth escaped the cataclysms of long ago.

For many years Mount Shasta has been the object of serious investigations not only by the few steeped in occult lore and traditional romanticism, but by scientists, the press, educators and just good neighbors living in the valleys beneath the high peaks. Untold numbers have given evidence that on occasions too numerous to mention they have seen streams of blue-white light emanating from the Shasta heights. These lights appeared long before Thomas Edison gave us the electric light and it is said they often extended a beam as 'far south as the San Francisco Bay.

This ties in perfectly with the words of my charming Venusian host:

"There are many contact points on your Planet Earth," he said. "Points of ingress and egress from planet to planet. These are the pivotal points in universal consciousness because here the fragmentary remains of great continental histories are stored away in secret archives."

Researches assert the State of California is posited on very old land. In fact it has often been called "the cradle of humanity" and not a few believe it to be the actual site of that fabulous Garden of Eden. Relics have been unearthed from one end of the state to the other that take us back into an almost extinct past. California's rare old trees, the Sequoia and the Redwoods, to say nothing of an unusual specimen of Frankincense Tree found growing a few short years ago in the Borrego Desert. Enough substantiating facts can be gathered together to bear evidence that California might well have been the scene of the original paradise. Mount Shasta is part of California's Noachian soil. This would make the peak of Mount Shasta the cone of an antediluvian volcano. At the foot of the mountain buried deep in the rocks searchers have found more than twelve hundred feet of hieroglyphics that to this day have not been deciphered. These rock writings are said to be totally different from anything known to the long red line of American Indians.

In recent years, many persons living in the lower areas declare that in days gone by they often saw men of strange appearance in their midst. They have been described as tall and stately with an aura of maturity and wisdom about them that set them apart from other men.

The neighbors report blue-white lights glowing through the tall pine trees. For a time these beams of light created considerable excitement in press circles. In fact they were almost as provocative as flying saucers. Fabulous yarns have been spun about them- how, when the wind blew in a certain direction they often heard strains of wierd music and loud chants. Many of these same persons have gone on record as stating they have also seen fantastic sky ships floating in the skies around Mount Shasta. They have been described as "peculiar silver-like vessels" that appeared and disappeared. Occasionally one of these ships flew out over the Pacific Ocean. They have been seen by seamen all the way from the California coast line to the Aleutian Islands. And again, investigators by the score have been turned back from their investigative treks by some powerful invisible ray, always encountered at a given point in the high mountain climb.

It would seem within the scope of possibility that Mount Shasta- and other pristinely clear points on our globe-would be the conditioning areas for visitors from other planets, if in fact they are calling on us. While we may look upon them as a superior people, they are still human. Any foreigner coming into our country and land would have to accomodate to living conditions and the language. They too would have to do likewise.

All of this poses another question ... were these strange-appearing men so often seen below the cliffs of Mount Shasta actually Venusians? Has Mount Shasta been one of their bases for more years than we know anything about? Your author challenges the fact that these strange beings are the direct descendants of the Lemurians. The pattern of our earth is one of ascendancy and descendancy. That which goes up, must come down. A flower blooms at its maturity; then it fades and dies. In other words, we must use a natural premise from which to springboard our reasoning. It would seem by the, very laws of consanguinity they could not safely survive the decaying hand of time. In the course of thousands of years they would have ceased to evolve and would have degenerated. Though they may have survived tidal waves, earthquakes and whatever other catastrophe the earth had in store for- them, they could not have escaped tradition's natural heritage.

In 1930; shortly before the passing of that grand Old Indian, Chief, Francisco Potentio, your author interviewed him in the hope of discovering something new about the mystery of Mount Shasta. Chief Potentio, founder of the fabulous village of Palm Springs, and one of the surviving remnants of the old Cahuilla Tribe was then one hundred and eight years old. From him I first learned about the silvery ships that came and went from the highest point of the mountain.

"Sky ships come from Morning Star," the old chief said, pointing to the Planet Venus.

Again, if these strange people were in reality the last surviving sparks from a long lost continent now sunk beneath the waves, would they disappear for years at a time? Today one hears nothing about wierd music emanating from the Shasta Peaks, nor is there any mention of the odd-looking men seen a few years ago around Weed, California located in the valley below. If they are still there hidden in the deep-recesses of the mountain why do we no longer hear about them? Why have they gone into seclusion? Then there is another point of view. If these people are in f-act the last survivors of the Lemurians who can say how much or how little Lemurian blood flows in our own veins? During their long sojourn on this continent it is possible many of them deserted the little band and travelled into the valleys. It is even conceivable they might have comingled with the Red Men of that day. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on our shores they were met by a highly evolved and friendly race of Indians. Perhaps they were-the sons of the seeds left over from The Morning Star.

Sixteen years ago, when my soul embarked for the Planet Venus the point of departure was an equally enigmatic peak - Arizona's Superstition Mountain. A so-called curse has hung over Superstition since' our earliest recorded histories. Today it is impossible to count the numbers who have met with an unfortunate demise attempting to wrench from this mystic mountain the secrets of her gold and her treasures.

Superstition Mountain like all other hallowed spots on the earth appears to be always protected by some invisible mantle of power - a ray that in some strange manner prevents the footsteps of man from violating sacred soil.

Today we are bending our efforts in many directions in an effort to solve our world problems. If our issues are too difficult for us to solve alone it is logical to- believe a superior order of life would be sent to help us. It is hard for most of us to realise that the very fabric of our earth's civilization is threatened. When we scoff and jeer at something we do not understand we are only holding back the hands of the clock. In the past our own stubborn fixations have prevented us from looking into the far horizons. Today the whole world is space-minded. We are beginning to realize we are all part of the same universal pattern. Whatever we are capable of "thinking" we can become proficient in doing. Whether we are

aware of it or not we are ably equipped with invisible extension cords with which to make a definite tie with all the domains of existence.

If other planetary beings have come to endow us with new strength and a resurgence of faith it is not necessary that we wear some badge of identification. As strangers coming into our earth's orbit they would naturally exchange the robes of their sojourn for the robes of earth. While they might be instantly teleported to our planet unless they had been here before they would have the same adjustments to make as the newcomers. If they intended to remain for any lengthy stay they would have to adjust to our lowered vibrations. This might require years, hence they would need conditioning bases of the nature of Mount Shasta. Let us not discredit that which we have not learned to understand. Perhaps the message they have to bring to us - is the very message for which we have been waiting these last two thousand years.

CHAPTER IV

IN the vast scheme of life every level of manifestation is just as God meant it to be. But God never intended for us to become slothful and static. The value we take from life is, the value we put into it. The sum total is the experience that is gained. We can only *know as we experience.*

In the past eight years a new type of being has come into existence. The flying saucer era has sharply divided the human family. There are those who believe whole heartedly that we are nearing a complete mutation, and those who do not accept the fact that 'radical changes are in' the making. The believers are the self-delegated pioneers. The wealth of consciousness generated by the devout can rapidly expand the scope of our objective. It can spread like a gargantuan mushroom into something far greater than any of us realize.

We dare not sell any of our pioneers short. Even that which seems to be sheer fiction can prove to be the spiritual threads that go into the weaving of greater things. From these golden threads new patterns are woven. Nor dare we ignore the fantastic or the illusory things of life for in so doing we are shutting out valuable knowledge and experience. We might not reach the identical goal we are seeking, but if we remain open-minded, ready to look and listen, investigate and outreach; at 'least we will have gained something valuable in our attempts. Outreaching toward the fantastic helps to develop senses long dormant. New senses are brought into play. There is greater accuracy in the reasoning processes when there is a conscious awakening and cooperative interplay between spirit and matter. In the final analysis who are we to say that our earth plane is all there is? Our Bible says: „In my Father's house are many mansions.” In one of these mansions we are sure to find the plans of a new design for living and a still surer design for winning.

The Venusian concept is ONE UNIVERSE. In all of her marvelous discourses DIANE has inspired your author with the fact that by means of extended vision we can project to any part of the universe at will. In so doing we can touch the source-spring of "universals". By extending our "thought forms" and acceding to higher and superior forces we can overthrow the old worn out concepts and unfold the creatively new. I sincerely believe the Venusians can help bring a new spiritual significance to the Planet Earth. As a matter of fact, this is their plan and purpose. If we are willing to put forth the proper effort we will doubtless wake up some fine morn and find the adamantine walls between the worlds dissolved into nothingness.

The dawning of that wondrous future is no more remote than the day Christopher Columbus set out across the deep blue waters, new worlds to conquer. The people of that day were fearful of the outcome. They pondered over this mad adventurer's perilous journey. Columbus did not find the lands he set out to discover--but he did find America.

The oceans of the world have been conquered. World sights are set on conquering the airways of space. But the same apprehension exists today as in all times past. Thousands are seeking the same question. Can it be done? Will it come in my lifetime? These and a myriad more questions are on every tongue.

They are questions that can only be answered by those who have developed the faculty of "looking beyond". Only they can reach over the invisible horizons where designs and plans are cached away. Only they can draft the new-age patterns.

It is much easier than we think, really. When we look down the long vista of yesterday and see the feats man has accomplished in a short few hundreds of years, we know that any new goal is just another challenge. If we can mutate at cycle without the grinding of gears, without sorrow or bloodshed, then anything at all can happen because we will have opened the door to miracles. However, should this change in cycles come while we are ill prepared, like in other times past, it will almost inevitably end in cataclysm.

Our Venus friends assure us of a better way of life. We are well aware of our great social need. If there is a more advanced way (and I am sure there is) why drag along on this beleaguered planet with its miseries and woes? Once we build a constructive consciousness it can happen in the "twinkling of an eye". The same rich experience known to the Venusians can be ours. But it must first be embraced vicariously. When we can embody the entire universe in consciousness we will then feel a stirring deep within for we will have opened ourselves up to the universal flow. This fresh challenge is the first major step forward. When that day arrives inventive genius will be awakened in countless individuals.

Interplanetary communication and travel would soon become a reality.

Whether we know it or not we can hasten that day. It - all depends upon the consciousness we put into it. Do we want these wonderful Venusians to look upon us - as undeveloped children? That we haven't grown up? If we will only give them the chance they can help remold our lives. From them we can absorb new strength and new faith.

Once we start working toward this new order we will find it the greatest thrill we have ever known. When we know where we are going we will be filled with new enthusiasm - new driving power. We'll race forward pushed by the rushing winds.

We can fall again, of course. Our histories prove we have failed many times. If we fail this time, when transition time comes our friends from ON HIGH will be forced to take over and finish our job. This would mean repeating the long cycle all over again. It might mean starting over again in a darkened world.

The keynote of Venus is beauty. The Venusians live for the beautiful in life. They believe that even the profane forms can be transformed by splendid living. This should be good news for us. It means we need make no sacrifice to gain the greater values. It means only enhancing the luxurious and the grand.

If my extended vision can be used as a measuring rod, Venus is a pageant of fairyland - a fairyland filled with beautiful overtones and a pulsating vibrancy known only to the heightened consciousness. It is that ecstatic consciousness that is known and realized when time and space have been transcended. I sincerely believe the coming of DIANE is in the

interests of our destiny—that she is one of the chosen sent to this earth to help usher in the glad tidings prophesied long eons ago. Every person present that night at the Church of Divine Light is in agreement that she was not the usual spirit manifestation. That she appeared at a public gathering is also understandable. Jesus said: “Where two or three are gathered together in MY NAME, there I shall be also.” Diane appeared in a house of worship. Our churches are dedicated to the uniting of consciousness in prayer and devotion. Reverend Bertie Lillie Candler bears an inter-national reputation. She is among the elite in her class. Fortunately there were no doubters present to spill a negative influence. It would seem predestined this place had been selected to prove to earthlings that it is possible to manipulate consciousness in the same fashion a potter molds his clay. Diane possessed the ability to materialize and dematerialize at will. This should be a lesson in symbolism to us. For does it not symbolize that they are here to help us tear down our old structure and erect the new? They are the message-bearers of things to come.“ I now create all things new. Former things shall not be remembered nor come to mind.” Isa. 65:16.

CHAPTER V

SUPREME moments come to us, but supreme moments are fleeting. They must be captured at the peak of the tide woven into the fabric of the garment of the day, else centuries may pass before conditions are right for them to come again. Supreme moments follow on the heels of prophesy.

When we piece together both facts and symbols we are reasonably assured that these intelligent ones from faraway planets have cast their influence over our earth many times in the past. But as DIANE said:

“THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE OF THE GREATER PLANETS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO COME TO BEINGS OF EARTH.” Does this mean there are many Venusians among us, walking the streets of earth?

When we research into the past we find that thirteen centuries before the birth of Christ the voice of Venus spoke through Ich-na-ton, known to historians as the mad Pharoah of Egypt. Aton, as his devout followers affectionately called him, tried mightily to impress the Egyptians of that day there could only be peace when and where the brotherhood of man prevailed. Egypt was then in the childhood of the cycle. The preponderance of weight was on the side of evil. The Egyptians failed to heed their prophet. One of the bloodiest times in all history followed, bringing to dust one of the greatest civilizations our earth has ever known.

Before this time the ancient Egyptians had worshipped many gods. They had a god for every day in the week. just as many of us today need images and symbols as a spiritual crutch, they too needed something before which they could prostrate themselves. They wanted to believe there was a divinity ready to grant every trivial wish and desire.

Ich-na-ton was perhaps one of the greatest psychics who ever lived. He received his divine instructions through the medium of vision. Each day he would go out into the blazing, sun-clad desert where he offered prayers to his ONE GOD ... He knew there was but ONE GOD for his visions told him so. This God was every- where present. He was in the trees, the flowers, the hills and the seas. He was buried deep in the hearts of the people. While many deemed Aton mad, still they loved him. As their ruler, Ich-na-ton gained many converts to this new belief. It wasn't easy.

For each believer there were two disbelievers. Then as now the majority wanted to cling to that which they were used to. They resented change and were willing to spill blood to keep the *status quo*.

This did not deter the devout Aton and his zeal grew to boundless proportions. Day by day, true to his visions, he continued his trek into "the lonely desert for moments of sacred quietude with his God. As he preached to them, for a time converts came rapidly. He pleaded with them to believe in him.

"There is but ONE GOD," he preached fervently. "All others are but His manifestation."

The harder he prayed the higher the evil gods reared their ugly heads. The converts were separated from the incredulous -by the symbol they wore on their person, a symbol known to us today as the *crux ansata* or *cross of life*. This circle with a cross beneath it signifies that God is a sphere within which is embraced every living thing; It was this cross of life that first-brought your author to the realization that the Venusians had brought their "influence to bear on the ancient Egyptians. In "my flight to Venus" I noted this symbol in evidence everywhere. The Venusians display the *crux ansata* as we display our national flag.

Aton told his people this new God would deliver them from their fears. He would take away the darkness. "The heart of man is dark," he said. "Many think they believe, but they do not know the light when they see it."

The reign of the "mad" 'Pharaoh was short-lived. In the end much blood was spilled. The dark forces won out, and Aton went to his couch of death a sick and disillusioned soul. Before he passed into the beyond he told his people:

"My eyes have pierced all barriers as if they were barriers of pure water. I behold the world that will come after me. In that world is neither hatred nor fear. Men share their toil with one another and there is neither sick nor poor among them. All are brothers and war is banished."

Many centuries have passed and the words of Egypt's sage have not yet come to pass. The seeds we are reaping today we're sown in the soil of Egypt at the beginning of this present cycle. Hearts were "twisted and shadowy" then. They are "twisted and shadowy" now. Each generation has gone around on the same treadmill, the forces of good speared against the forces of evil.

By the same token, truth is the same yesterday, today ... forever. It should mean something to us to see that as far back as the, reign of Ich-na-ton, the Venusians, our next order of life, have been trying, to impress and inspire us. In our hearts we know they cannot do the job for us. We must do it for ourselves.

Egypt fell because she refused to listen to the voice of Ich-na-ton. She fell because evil overpowered good. The Egyptian cycle was ushered in. It ran its gamut of destruction ending in the woeful downfall of a great empire. But we believe, sincerely the dying words of Egypt's prophet will one day come to pass.

The Great Ich-na-ton was true to his ONE GOD to his dying breath but at the end he had but few loyal followers. These few remained loyal in their hearts but they were always careful to conceal the holy symbol away from the profane gaze of their enemies.

The spirit of the great Ich-na-ton is with us today. The seeds garnered from his unswerving faith have been born and re-born, generation after generation. His was a loyalty generously

and honestly given. These self-same seeds are struggling to germinate in the little handful of believers today.

As in the early Egyptian times, Venusian influences are all about us. If we will but place our faith in that influence we will fly on wings of splendor to the domains of success. With belief in our hearts we will find the power to accomplish that which we set out to do. To those whose perceptions have been acutely awakened this sky pageantry is not a myth. It is a miracle in the evolution of progress. It is one of the wonders of our age. It can change the pattern of events drafted in our man-created universe. It will one day revolutionize our world.

This places the burden on the few who have made contact, either physically or otherwise. They should be relentless in their efforts to put the message across to the less fortunate. Many will listen if they are approached in the "right manner. It is a wonderful feeling to know we are reinforced from beyond.

Henceforth there will be those who will come close at times, then again they will seem to be far away. Those who earnestly seek will receive help from beyond.

If the pattern of past times is followed out we cannot expect this help to continue forever. While they will always be there beyond the visible horizon to be contacted by those in tune, we cannot expect to have the continued warm camaraderie of their presence unless we avail ourselves of the opportunity before us today. If we hue to- the line, travel to other planets might be much closer than we think.

Many are asking the question--was the Egyptian cycle the only evidence we have had of the coming of the Venusians? Let us think a moment Midway between the Egyptian cycle and our modern times Christianity was ushered in. Signs and omens were in the heavens then, just as they are today.

Every church tenet has taught that the "birth of Christ cycle". was heralded by the maneuvering of a strange light across the heavens - The Star of Bethlehem it is called. This illumined star led the Three Wise Men to the cradle-of the infant, Jesus. This poses another momentous question in the minds of serious thinkers. Could the Star of Bethlehem have been a brilliantly lighted flying disc? It has been a mute question in the minds of ecclesiasts and laymen alike, for the Bible clearly states that the Star that led the Three Wise Men to the manger of our Lord was visible only over the holy city. It was not seen beyond the limits of the birthplace of Jesus. "And lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them 'til it came and stood where the young child was." Matt. 2:9.

Coming down to our own times our whole existence has been dominated by a passion for luxury, for things beautiful. Is this not a Venus-born desire? If your author's experience, whether teleportive or mystical, can be wholly relied upon (and I feel certain it can) we are still a far cry from Venus perfection, but no one can say we haven't made the effort. Men have braved every conceivable torture - they have risked their very lives to obtain gold with which to purchase luxuries. We have obtained ours the hard way, through greed and avarice. We have maimed and killed, then gleefully climbed over the dead bodies left in our wake. In the cycle we have lived through we lost our spiritual core. We have sought one goal that we might "escape the goal behind us that was hateful to look upon. It has been progress of a sort but never have we known the true meaning of existence. We are constantly asking the question ... why are we here ... and where are we going? We have reached for classical cultures only to see them wither and die in our grasp. Throughout our long existence we have worshipped the superficial rather than the real.

Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Many want to believe that other planetary visitors are here to help prepare us for the glorious inheritance we shall one day enjoy. Few of us would want to go into their beautiful, nature-woven world with the scales of our own filthy debris clinging to our aura.

The Venusians came to the "mad Pharoah" in vision. They are coming to many in visions today. When we are prepared for them they will come in physical manifestation. They will come in numbers. They will walk among us, they will be one of us. Who can say, just as I was -joined in holy matrimony with the noble LeLando, perhaps the women of earth will wed men of Venus, and vice-versa.

In the long interim of waiting some will heed, but we can still expect the majority to scoff and jeer. In the time between perhaps thousands of space ships will be built in readiness. And who can deny that perhaps thousands of human beings will be borne over the air waves just as countless millions were borne over the ocean's waves in the long forgotten days before our earth was destroyed. When that time comes perhaps millions of interplanetary beings will descend to earth. They will come in "the twinkling of an eye". "Whereupon are the foundations thereof, when the Morning Stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job 38:6-7.

Those earthlings who are today ready and willing to make a place in their hearts -for the teachings of Venus, should know no more anguish, no tear-stained struggle. They should thrill to the strange elixir coursing through their veins. Those who are willing to labor for a better way of life just as those who have toiled for the glittering stuff we call gold, will know the meaning of friendship and love. Each and every one of us will know that the span of our lives is not the measurement of existence-that it is only a tiny dot in the great whole. When we are cleansed right down to our ancestral taproots, that will be the day we will know brotherhood, not for the few, but for all humanity. It seems beyond the realm of possibility now, but once we set our sails to the four winds we will find we are possessed with a universal driving power that will carry us to the end of our sojourn. Just as the Venusians seemingly have learned to mold the plasms into any desired form, we too can manipulate skillfully the self-same plasms, for in the last analysis. Plasm is nothing more nor less than dynamically actuated consciousness.

Whether we believe it or not, this is all within the chainwork of our times. This means we can have our dreams and we can make those dreams come true. As the High Priest in the Temple of Venus told your author:

"Only this-our Planet Venus has known the fullness of perfection. But step by step each and every planet in the broad universal- system must climb the golden stairs. Child of Earth ... your America is the hope of -your planet. She will rise to her greatness, a haven for all who seek rest. With the coming of the New Dispensation - America, the land that has housed so many races shall rise. Her banner of freedom shall wave in all its glory."

CHAPTER VI

DESTINY is not an act of malice-aforethought. We create our destiny as we go along. It is created out of our thoughts and our acts. We are only fettered and chained as we fetter and chain ourselves. We often do it by accepting tradition's blind errors. Yet through all our gloomy thinking there is always a ray of hope.

The human mind is the open door between that which we know and that which we are seeking *to know*. The efficacy of our thought power determines the depth of the imprint. As we open up the flood-gates we find that the mind harbors the concepts of fame, fortune and untold success, but it must remain free and unhampered. The mind is the conduit through which beneficent influences flow from one world to another. It is from these other worlds new knowledge streams in. If we are limited in one world - then we must learn to cooperate with the greater worlds.

Thoughts are the obsessing demons that take their toll at night. It is in the darkness of the unborn the destructive seeds germinate and are finally born into the light of day. This is where unity of thought comes in. When numbers can be gathered together in ONE THOUGHT»- then there is power. When the world consciousness is impregnated with ONE THOUGHT, then slowly the world picture begins to change.

As we have noted in a previous chapter, the Venusian influence made its first deep groove long before our histories began to record." The casual threads woven then are still in existence today. When we can learn to distinguish-the gold from the lead we can pick up those threads and weave them into the new fabric. World progression will be speeded up. Advancement will be rapid. If we are to believe the seers, those who came to birth at the beginning of this long cycle have already taken up residence on another planet. Is it not reasonable to assume that the new life is being made ready for us, too?

If we do not make preparation now we will have to repeat our lessons. Other cycles have been wiped out by terrestrial floods. They too had to start. all over again. We have come a long way since then, but it has been a hard struggle. We have reached high water marks and we are headed for still higher marks. Today we have an opportunity to enjoy an increased dimension in human understanding. We have done it by building consciousness first in the few, then in the many. We have lived within the circumference of the earth. Now we must extend beyond the earth. We can hope for something greater - we can pray for something greater ... but we can only know it when we make direct contact. When we know it deep in our heart and soul then we can help others to be acutely aware in the same manner.

This means weeding out all negative thoughts. It means getting away from clinging doubts. It means cleaning out our minds, then helping our loved ones, our friends. and our neighbors, to clean out theirs. The power of group. thought is more powerful than the atom bomb, and certainly without the destructive results.

We can do this more readily when we begin to listen to the sibilant voices from the sky. All too often we have shut our ears to their warnings. Today is no different from yesterday. We still will not listen to the voices of our prophets. Only a scattered few over this broad earth of ours is ready and willing to give even a shred of credence to the happenings in the sky. "They are coming from Russia," many aver. "They're phantasmal illusions," cry others. Rather than trying to inculcate a ray of hope in the doubtful those in high places prefer to call the believers "crackpots" and "deluded fools". Words of ridicule come from press and pulpit alike. One minister, a friend of your author, when told there might be something to the "saucer theory," became quite indignant. "No! No!" he cried in alarm. "It can't be so? What would happen to *our* religion?" And so it will go on and on until the flying discs in our skies are proved to be something more than meteorological phenomena or sprightly sea gulls.

Another question frequently asked from the platform is: "If flying saucers are real why do they appear to obscure individuals in isolated places."

Before Ich-na-ton, the “mad Pharoah”, passed over the borderline, he told his people he had received a message from God. It seems God told him that never again would a world-shaking message be given to a ruler or one in high places. God saw the havoc and bloodshed that had come from bringing such a message to the reigning Pharoah.

Perhaps that is how it should be. Should the news of visitations from other planets be suddenly broadcast from every radio, head-lined by the newspapers, depicted in drama on television, panic would be sure to follow. Pandemonium would reign -over the face of the earth. Many of us have not forgotten what happened when Orson Welles’ MEN FROM MARS came over the air-waves. Why should this be so?

How many in our world of today would be willing to meet them peaceably? We would deem it our patriotic duty to start our own little war. This would be a natural consequence, for the warring instinct is stronger in the mass of humanity than the heart-throb of brotherly love.

This then is one of the major reasons why alien knowledge and extraneous experience must first be given to the isolated few. When the word is passed along by them the reception is imperceptibly slow. It infiltrates gradually and mass equilibrium is not disturbed. It is the way of the masses to align themselves with the majority ... and the plurality in this case are the non-believers.

When the sharp blow of awakening is moderated, day by day the consciousness spreads. A few more begin to believe even if only with a small corner of their minds. Others are more willing to listen. A few more gather up the wisps and the whispers. Though they may be a far cry from being convinced they are beginning to be disturbed and at least they resent this disturbing element. Since they are neither attuned to the concords, nor completely out of tune with the jarring discords, they just want to be left alone to wallow in the *status quo* of their every-day living.

While this might seem like an upsetting state of affairs to those who want desperately to press on ahead this is how it should be at our present stage of progression. Those who believe - those who will accept the message from the unsung ... they are the disciples. Like the followers of Jesus they become the genuine message-bearers, the sparks that eventually ignite into a holocaust of flame. These isolated few accept because they *know* that hidden somewhere in the arcs of the heavens a pattern for a new and better life has already been drafted. Consciousness is built first by the believing few, then the slow gathering of numbers.

It is your author’s sincere belief that when the masses are ready many Venus-sent teachers will come to our earth. They will share with us their wisdom, their truth and their knowledge. In that day human beings will be brought together in a common bond of spiritual interest. This will be the healing remedy for all mankind.

We should never discredit the lowly and the unsung. Jesus came from the lowly. He began life in a manger. Mohammed’s world-spreading religion was inspired under the desert’s white moon. Moses led the multitudes into the desert wilderness seeking for the Promised Land. All great religions - every long-lived philosophy has been born and bred in obscurity. Inspiration comes first through the lips of -the prophet but it is the heart-shouts of the masses that keeps inspiration alive.

The coming of strange spacecraft will prove to be the turning point in many human lives. Many self-evident changes will come. The way will be paved for glorious new values. It is out of soul-fired enthusiasms that new worlds are built. As one cycle of experience is finished,

word comes from higher planes. That “word.” is with us today. It is the word we must be ready to accept.

One will hear it from the next-door-neighbor. Others will welcome the stranger who knocks on the door. Someone else will sight a “flying disc” or a brilliantly lit spaceship. Last but not least one might meet a stranger who in reality is a visitor from another planet. He might speak in our own tongue, or he might speak - a soul language we all can understand. He might vanish before our very eyes - or he might leave by Way of the door. No one knows “from whence the stranger cometh,” whether from star-spangled space or the avenues of earth. Whether we hear it from the lips of the mighty or the shouts of the lowly, it matters not. If it can untwist humanity’s heartstrings that is all we are concerned about.

Spiritual gifts are always to be found under the canopy of the heavens - in the clouds of the turquoise sky - and in consecrated places. “Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” is within the reach of us all.

CHAPTER VII

ARE we equal to this great task? Will we fall as Egypt fell? Can we this time adjust to the swiftly shifting scenes?

The first step is in delegating authority in those who believe.

The sheepskin might be missing from the wall. They may not measure up in many ways, but any worthy human instrument fired with the message will help us get the job done. At the "moment it is a job bigger than anything the human mind can conceive. A We will proceed blindly at first but as changes begin to take place the road ahead will become straighter. Already the coming of the saucers has helped prepare us for this New Dispensation. When the boundaries between the planets are torn down new thoughts will stream in like sunshine after rain.

How will we know when the great change comes? It will be obvious in many ways. A friendly spirit will prevail. People will grow more tolerant. There will be an attitude of helpfulness that has not existed before. The change will be apparent in almost every person we meet. One day it will encircle the earth like a mammoth girdle. When the new viewpoint is launched in the body of humanity new patterns will be drafted - a road map all can follow.

There will still be alibi’s ... many of them. Some will blubber ... “I don’t know how.” Others will cry: “I haven’t the proper background.” -Still others ... “I can’t,” etc. These deficiencies are bound to appear but even deficiencies can become opportunities. It means pushing through the decayed and crumbling floors of “world thought”. There is nothing to be lost, but all to be gained.

There are no limiting boundaries to knowledge and experience. That which is within our grasp we can gain and hold. Now that the creed-cluttered surface of the earth has been rent, an avalanche of knowledge is at the disposal of all. One by one we will begin to absorb the heightened influences. Intelligence will take the place of sottish thought. We will be drawn into a cognizant relationship with higher grades of consciousness. With the Venusian influence streaming in we will be able to feel and enjoy these co-operative impulses. We will come to know this is the way the superior ones magnetize and impregnate the lesser orders of life.

How can we make direct contact? It is not necessary that they come to us in person to impress us. Nor do they need words to make themselves known. Thoughts are things. They need only to project their thoughts through space. Thought is the agent of consciousness. We are bound together subjectively by the same invisible cord. Too, we are composed of the self-same elements, one somewhat more ratified than the other. That is all. In other words: "All are part of one stupendous whole, whose body is nature, and God, the soul."

The beautiful DIANE came to your author sixteen years ago. Her melodious voice vibrated through the vastness of the cosmos. This same voice has been heard on many occasions since the release of MY FLIGHT TO VENUS. Sometimes it has followed me over the cactus-studded desert where I love to roam. It has come in silent moments driving along the highways. Time and again the voice said: "You will witness a miracle." I mentioned it to friends. I shouted it from many platforms. Again and again I tried to imagine what this "miracle" might be. Frankly I expected a saucer to land in our midst. That I should make contact with the lovely Diane in person was certainly not in line with my expectations.

We know that miracles do happen. They come at the least expected times. "The miracles of earth are the laws of heaven." Again I am asked: "Are there Venusians among us?"

Perhaps! Since they too would be robed in the accoutrements of earth we would not know them by their appearance. They may not make themselves known to us but if we are in tune with them we should feel the warm glow of their personalities.

Teleportation is perhaps no more a chore to them than driving an automobile is to us. With no more than a powerful concentration of will they can be at any corner of the great universe with the speed of thought. Knowing no boundaries of limitation they are free to go and come at will.

It will be a red-letter day in our world when science turns its attention to the conquering of life essences. We will then know we are on the threshold of the New Age. In that day disease will disappear. A way will be found to lengthen the life span. Instead of groping blindly through years of trials and sorrows we will dance through happy glorious years. Youth will reign on a throne supreme. Perhaps spacecraft travel will be as commonplace as the airplane or the locomotive. What a thrill it will be to travel over millions of miles of space with the comfort and ease of a Pullman Coach. A few lines from MY FLIGHT TO VENUS illustrates this point perfectly.

"During flight we seemed to penetrate many dimensions of abstract space. There was no static. No interference. Then something happened. It was like a gentle explosion of gorgeous colors accompanied by an experience akin to an orgasm of spirit and matter. There was no time after that. No space in the usual connotation of space. All was consciousness. *Absolute consciousness.*"

Many times since that memorable date I have tried to arrive at some logical conclusion as to what actually happened. Did I leave my body behind, travelling only in a finer vehicle? Or was it true teleportation and I took my body with me? Did the atoms of my body actually disintegrate at one point, re-materialize in another?

I am sure the form that housed the beautiful spirit of DIANE was composed of pure protoplasm (the essence of all things). It was apparent too that the other spirit manifestations that appeared in the Church of Divine Light were made up of the usual ectoplasms drawn from the medium and the guests. There is as wide a difference between protoplasm and ectoplasm as there is between flesh and spirit.

Many of those present observed the breastplate that seemed to fit over Diane's gown. This was obviously the "hub", the center point of contact where fusion takes place. From this point the plasms are united and molded into manifestation. From this magnetized center Diane could follow the lines of force travelling over the face of the earth and also traversing every star and planet in the entire universal system.

Plasms are existent in all higher ethers. Plasm is the true creative substance. It is the substance used in spiritual healing. When we learn how to control the plasms we will have done away with ailing bodies.

Universal cooperation is ALL WORLDLY. There are worlds on every level of existence, worlds within worlds each one functioning according to its own fixed rhythm. All are blended or welded into the Greater Universe. When we have conquest of space, like the Venusians, we will be able to reach them, one and all. We will be able to draw on the consciousness of these worlds just as we draw on a bank account. Having no more questioning doubts about invisible force governing a visible world we will know that changes can come with lightning-like rapidity. We will no longer hoard supplies nor try to possess the world with a fence around-it. Realizing that transcendental security is our Bank Universal we will know that our potentialities extend beyond the boundaries of world limitation.

This feat can be accomplished in a small way even in our day and age. When the human vibration is raised to a higher level we can tune in harmoniously with the planets and worlds of the universe. When we have mastered vibration, teleportation will no longer be an alien word in our dictionaries. It will be no more difficult than pushing a button to bring forth electric lights. By means of powerful creative thought we will be able to transport our bodies to any point in the vast universe.

This is also true of the strange spacecraft that has created so much furore in this day and age. We will no longer be looking for a saucer to crash that we might take it apart and learn the secret of motivation. We will have the know-how to build the same sort of craft. We will recognize interplanetary visitors, not by the clothing they wear, nor the vehicles they ride in, but by the light of their celestial aura.

When will this happen to us? Perhaps our Bible has the answer: "And there shall be signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring, men's heart's failing them for fear and for looking after these things which are coming to the earth; -for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." Luke 21:25-27.

Again, will flying saucers play a part in this great world drama? Through the long and winding centuries the superior ones have looked down from their exalted heights. They have beamed their beacon lights on our doorstep. In our sorrow-torn days they have been with us in spirit. They have followed our error-strewn path- way not only through the cycles of life, but to the grave and beyond.

The coming of the saucers has awakened us to a new dimension in thinking. Whether real, or a figment of every imagination, they have stirred not only individuals, but governments. I quote from our own Air Force.

"The majority of sightings can be accounted for as misrepresentations of conventional objects, such as balloons and aircraft.

Others can be explained as meteorological phenomena or light reflections from crystallized particles in the upper atmosphere. Some were determined to be hoaxes. However, there still

remained a few unexplained sightings ... The Air Force has stated in the past and reaffirms at the present time, that unexplained aerial phenomena are not a secret weapon, missile or aircraft developed by the United States.”

Does this not suggest that those in high places will one day be willing to investigate more thoroughly? When the governments of the world are convinced, we will all be convinced. If they are sent to us as a means of saving mankind from the error of its ways - if they are here to help weld all the worlds into one - then why not try to hasten that day?

This could happen tomorrow. It might happen next year or the year after. If we can speed it up, why wait?

Above all, we dare not spurn the strange omens and the beacon lights. We know they have come before to guide our erring foot- steps. We know that in the past they have been spurned. Through the long centuries only a few have heeded, the many have ignored. If we pave the way for them to come now, we will see the road ahead with clearer vision.

Again ... why should we wait for someone to guide us - that someone might be just as blind as ourselves.

CHAPTER VIII

RETURNING again to visitors from other planets, we cannot repeat too often, rather than looking upon them as phantasmal, we should try to see them as patterns of our own future. Surely it is neither fantasy, nor illusion to believe other planets are inhabited just as our own. Earthman has always felt himself the “one” superior animal in all existence. Whether he knows it or not this viewpoint has narrowed his horizons down to his own microscopic size. He *wants* to believe there is only one earth. He wants to assume that the stars and the planets are in the heavens to shed light upon his lonely nights. He does not *want* to extend his vision beyond the perceived.

Such “quest-inspiring” events as occurred in the “little white church in Los Angeles” helps to bring about the altering aspects of life. We need not admit such a happening as a reality. Many would not admit it even had they seen for themselves. But at least it compels us to think about it, then plunge into the depths of self for a satisfactory answer. The deeper we go the more interest is generated. Finally a burning desire to *know* is developed. From there on we are ready and willing to give the best of ourselves to the quest. It then becomes The Great Adventure.

There was a day in our histories when the quest for the spectacular was a dangerous pursuit. Men were burned at the stake for believing that which was contrary to contemporary thought. Today the heritage of the ages is ours. If we can gain mastery over these days we will no longer be in bondage to any person or thing. We will be above the caprice of fate.

We can plunge into the task, singly or collectively. We can work toward accomplishment graciously and perhaps be granted an extra ten or twenty years to the calendar of our lifespan. Not just ordinary passing years but a happy, fruitful life continuance. Your author firmly believes when we are able to overthrow the old and bring in the new we will no longer suffer the misfortunes of living. When we can act together as a vast mass we will be able to obtain the things we desire quickly, for we will be enlisting the help of the “many”.

If we can entertain the thought that DIANE is only “one” ... that there are thousands of Diane’s ready to help us, then life can be turned into a living miracle. When such a realization dawns in our consciousness, changes will take place in rapid-fire succession. A The mystery of life need not be an enigma. In the past we have sought to solve a complex riddle when in reality it is all so simple. It is the dramatic happenings along life’s pathway that help to awaken our vision and stir us to action. Deep mystical experiences have a transforming effect. They compel us to put useless things behind us.

Human nature is frail; human beings are weak. Only one here and there is willing to venture over virgin territory, even though they know in their hearts that a voyage to another planet would be the most enterprising adventure ever attempted. Even a “psychic” adventure into this realm is a great event. It too is accompanied by many dangers unless we have first learned to use constructively, the great force within us. But most of us do feel for a certainty that one day interplanetary travel will be a fact. This means conquering our fears and *knowing* that we have the power to govern, not only the earth, but the universe.

To do big things we must start with little things. One of the most outstanding human examples in “overcoming” goes back into our own country’s history. Many look upon Abraham Lincoln as the greatest President in the long line of presidents. “Honest Abe” had every sort of handicap to overcome. He began life in a log hut far removed from books. He was an ugly, gawkey specimen of man. But today Abraham Lincoln enjoys a posthumous fame, the symbol of the power inherent in us all.

There are many undiscovered “Lincolns” in our world. Once they set themselves to the task they can wield a wand of power over any fixed circumstance. We’re a “wonderful people” really. All we need is some paramount issue to stir us. We have proven over and over again that war is not the stirring element to achievement, while “celestials” such as DIANE can give us the success-producing touch. It means only reaching out toward the far-flung goals. When we tie in with the larger plan the smaller issues take care of themselves. I feel sure were we to suddenly meet these faraway voyagers face to face our future would not be dull. Even -inconsequential things would take on cosmic importance. It might be sometime before we do meet them face to face, but at least we can be prepared.

We all agree we are now in the midst of earth-shaking events, but they are events of violence. There is scarcely a free moment in any twenty-four hour day. We can transmute this concept of violence merely by making up our minds. When we can view life from one “all-comprehensive, whole” then we will experience unfoldment that will insure us of greater progress. If we follow the beacon lights beckoning from ON HIGH we will have no difficulty in our upward climb for our perceptions will quickly unfurl to the larger dimensions.

If we keep our candles burning it can come like lightning from heaven. But we must prepare for it in advance by discovering the hidden resources within ourselves. The veil between the worlds is very thin these days. It will become thinner and thinner as time goes on. When we change our point of view our attitudes will change. When that happens we would never be willing to go back to the false values we have left behind us.

Your author sincerely believes that when we gain the full import of the coming of DIANE we will-be able to shed our dwarfed, thwarted thinking. When the weight of the world is lifted from our shoulders, we can help lift the load from the shoulders of others. As a reward we will not only have spiritual possessions in abundance - but matching creature comforts and wealth as well.

These are turbulent times. We need these new contacts to inspire us with new fortitude. If we can believe that DIANE was actually teleported into the “little white church”, this is one example of the power of their skills. Think of being “teleported” from another planet - or even from a spaceship high in the skies! Added to this was the thrill of watching her materialize before our eyes, bring us a message of hope, then vanish in a flash.

Of course there are those who will argue: “But she appeared at a seance.” True enough. Rev. Bertie Lillie Candler’s seance corner provided a “definite concentration in consciousness ... all were of one mind awaiting the appearance of their loved ones - but it provided also the perfect setting for a verification of “teleportation”. Jesus was skilled in the art of teleportation. Did he not say that we too have the same resources within ourselves once we uncork the power within us? The power lies a little deeper perhaps, but it is nevertheless there.

As other planetary voyagers come in greater numbers we will be able to stand by and watch the shackles of our own ignorance drop away. The Bible states: “And these are the signs that shall follow them that believe.”

This brings us to the realization that our material quest has been in vain. It makes us know and realize how shallow our earth existence has been. There is no mystery about it. When we have omnipotent unity we have a kinship with all God's wondrous creations. The soul knows no boundaries. It can reach out beyond ONE WORLD. There is no reason on earth why we should be dis-united.

From time to time certain individuals will be singled out of the mass to become the prophetic voice of the new era. It might be YOU. It might be ME. It might be our friend. It might be our foe. Few at best are fitted for the task. Finding the best channels will not be easy. Those in high brackets, our leaders are too comfortably esconced in their easy chairs and foam-rubber pillows. Those in low places feel the scars of their own inadequacy. This means we must be trained to measure up. We will not be measured by some perfect yardstick, but by the qualities of sensitivity. The mystic sciences furnish a base, a spring- board, but the greatest human ingredient is receptivity.

From time to time warnings and omens will come. These warnings we *must* heed. If we do not wake up that glorious goal might be centuries away. When a solid foundation is built in consciousness, then it is bound to happen. How we handle our spiritual controls today, will determine how we are voted in tomorrow. We are in the van of - the march of events. There are no accidents in life. When the doors to other planets swing open - when their designated messengers come into our midst we know then there is a definite reason for their coming. It could mean we are in graver danger than we think. It could mean we are closer to the transition period than we realize. As we accept in faith, then one miracle after another will follow. With many “Diane’s” by our side we can walk the sidewalks of earth, or we can float over the spacious firmament.

This does not mean seeking some cream-puff heaven with angels and musical harps. Venus is not a fantastic Utopia. The Venusians both preach and practice a workable ideology. They are a perfectly balanced people who have sought ‘beyond man- created systems for their enlightenment. They believe there is but ONE and all things are created in HIM.

If we beings of earth had the powers of discernment we would not elect to live in turmoil. We would like to run away from the violent explosions of the world. Deep in our hearts we want to vibrate to the finer forces. We crave the response from the deeper urges. The more enlightenment we have the more we want to feel the deep surge of spiritual infusion coursing through our veins. We yearn to sit at the feet of unseen mentors. We want to wet our thirsty

throats with nectars from the enchanted cup. All these things can be ours when we know *where* we are going and *why*. Furthermore, we need not wade through a river of tears to reach our destination. We have slipped off into the mire many times, but when we *know* we have these superior ones to shield us from the blows-to guide and to bless us, the way will be easy.

Not all will get there, of course. A few will reach the finish line. Others will start, then turn back. But the torch-bearers will always be in the lead. As one falls by the wayside, others will pick up and carry on. On ahead there will be beacon lights to guide the way.

The power of “mass consciousness” is the greatest power on earth. Thousands pulling on the same rope at the same time can produce miracles. It takes courage to enlarge our horizons, but what have we to lose? The epic rewards will go to the pioneers, whether drawn from the rank and file of humanity or from the high places.

Let us believe that the advent of DIANE can become a red- letter day in our lives ... our first tottering steps toward universalization.

And now I ask my readers to bow their heads for one brief moment. Let us offer tribute to this visitor from Venus - the beautiful DIANE.

PART TWO

THE DISCOURSES OF DIANE

(Note : Diane spoke to me in a language of the mind which was instantly translatable into words.)

ON - THE MEANING OF GOD

IT was early morning and the golden sands of the -desert were breakfasting on the first glow of the sun's actinic rays. I loved to walk at this hour when all the unseen little people were gay-filled with the spirit of the new-born day. I could see them now in my mind's eye as they danced with the rhythm of abandonment, tuned with the orchestration of the *spirit of life*.

Making my way over the wind-swept sand dunes drinking in inspiration for my day of work, I came to a sudden halt. It had happened many times of late - a tingling sensation of my body - bells ringing from afar - the fragrance from beautiful flowers - strains of melody floating in from out of the nowhere.

A patch of soft sand beneath a sprawling greasewood bush beckoned to me. It was an ecstatic moment, that sharpening of the perceptions of my mind ... then a merging with an "alien" some- thing as though I were being hooked up with all the main lines of the Cosmos. This cosmic clairvoyance I had come to welcome for I knew I would soon be honored by HER saintly presence. Then came the concordant tone of voice I had come to know so well.

"Child of Earth ... it is with the spirit of gladness I greet you this day out -on the clean desert sands. It was from the same clean sands we of Venus found our way to the throne of God. We did not arrive at our journey's end by way of platitudes and dramatic petitions. You will find our footprints one by one over the stepping stones to the arcs of Venusian splendor. Out where the wilderness is wild, you too will come to know the meaning of God. This is the lesson earthman must learn, my child. He has chosen the arduous way through supplication and sacrifice. He has tried to reach God as though he were trying to climb a ladder of gold - rung by rung. Just as your plodding footsteps have moved slowly over the evolutionary sands of time - just so your approach to God's throne has been a slow-paced crawl. Many start, but few arrive. The rungs of the golden ladder are broken before the throne is reached.

Through the long eons of time, from our exalted summit, we have watched the milling masses of earth's children. We have seen them stumble along earth's hills and valleys. Our lights have beamed over the bright spots, they have tarried longer over the areas where tears have rained down upon the bloody paths man of earth has ordained to travel. At times our lights have burned with luminous intensity, at other seasons only a dim flicker could find its way through the fog.

Yes, Child of Earth - we have watched our younger brethren stumble and fall. We have observed him on bended knee before the altars of earth's temples. How harrowing have been his entreaties for the favors of God! But here has been where earthman has erred. Though ardent have been his prayers, though bountiful has been his praise and thanksgiving not always have his invocations reached the Supreme over them ALL. In fact, rarely does earthman raise his vibrations to the God level.

Few worship God in the same way. To some God is LOVE. To others God is POWER. To many He is INTELLIGENCE. And so on and on. The way to God's throne is *not* segment by segment. It requires no ritualistic drama, but rather it is as simple as turning on your electric light switch - or turning the ignition key on -your motor car.

We Venusians KNOW that GOD is the *Source of all things*. We KNOW that HE is everywhere present. That HE is *in* every created thing. We *know* that GOD owns the UNIVERSE. That we own nothing. Human life comes into being unbound by possessions. The harvest man gathers through life he cannot take with him when he departs. All things are

loaned by GOD. They are treasures to be glorified while we use them, but we know that one day we must give them back to HIM from whence they came. Being eternally aware that we own nothing of ourselves that GOD's beneficent storehouses are ever open to us from the smallest I need to the grandest luxury we borrow freely on a prodigious scale. GOD trusts us to pay our honest debts. HE knows we will not misapply HIS treasures. That we will return His gifts at the close of our day.

Child of Earth - prayers to GOD need not be abstruse. GOD knows the needs of HIS children before they ask. HIS blessings HE has created for their advantage. Does not your Bible state: In the beginning was the WORD and the WORD was made flesh. Do you believe that my daughter? It means does it not, that we have only to tune our thoughts to GOD'S thoughts - to *speake* and all blessings shall be ours. In the conception of GOD, man's daily manna and castles of gold are of the same equal value. When GOD is enthroned in our hearts we are part of the very *breath of creation*, small or large.

No, my daughter, ours is not a *miracle* existence. We are not what earthman calls ... magicians. We possess no magical formulas. GOD is our magic. GOD is our formulas. Authors and theologians alike have endeavored to expound this principle, but few. there are who have applied it to the worship of their daily lives. Though men of earth have built fences and pillars of marble around GOD'S glorified concepts, at the same time he has never bothered to remove the boulders he has placed in the way of his true understanding.

Child of Earth - the greater number of earth's children have never learned their mission toward GOD. Earth man has not known the *why* of his birth. My daughter ... God's children are brought into fleshly manifestation that they might gain needed experience. Man goes out from GOD'S house an infant in under- standing. He returns a Sage. He is sent over roads dotted with thorns and thistles - often he must swim through a river of tears, but this is only that he might find himself, by himself. God knows that one day he will return mature with knowledge and experience. He *knows* he is but a prodigal son...

Why has earthman been so blind? Why has he accepted eons of years of suffering? My daughter ... only because he has persuaded himself that the earth plane is all there is. Earthman has been haughty in his self-importance. To gain superiority over all things earthly has been his vain-glorious ambition. His lordly goal. Earthman has chosen the illusion of growth. He has exalted man-made scientific grandeur over the majesty of GOD'S universe. He swells with pride at the sound of the hammer, he thrills to the blade of the sword. Seldom does he pause in the silence to breathe in God's wondrous sunshine. Rarely does he accept that which his senses have not substantiated. Earthman, believing all is contained within his own plane of existence, has gone contrary to the echo in his heart. He has floundered in the illusions he has built up for himself.

From our exalted heights we have beseeched earthman to listen - to turn his gaze upward. But more often than not his vision has been blinded by his egotistical viewpoint. Our lights have blinded him rather than inspired him. The worlds etherial, the star-strewn heavens - the planets so far away to him - they are all a part of an unsolved enigma. Earthman prefers it that way. A few short years of earthly sojourn, then the state he calls death. Only birth and death and the time between docs he comprehend.

GOD knows no boundaries, concrete or etherial. We *know* that nothing is born of man, even *superior man*. Forms may come and go, but that which animates *form* goes on forever. "

My daughter ... earthman is a born procrastinator. To him today does not exist, only yesterday and tomorrow. GOD dares not procrastinate for one single, infinitesimal moment.

Should HE do so the -very heavens would tumble down. GOD does -not slumber. He does not rest. Never for one instant does he relax his vigilance for with GOD there is no beginning and no ending. The crudities of today are the perfections of tomorrow.

All things stream out from Source. All things go back to Source. We Venusians have learned how to control and utilize this “source material”. It is the taproot of our greatness for plasms are the substance of the soul.

Child of Earth ... remember always, GOD preceded all thought. HE preceded all form. GOD is as close to you as breath itself. You have only to throw the switch to reach GOD’S powerhouse. And ... there is but ONE POWER. It is the motivating force behind all manifest creation. There is but ONE GOD - a GOD to be worshipped in HIS ESSENCE not in his image.

I take my leave now, Child of Earth,” she said. The tap of her long tapering fingers I felt upon my shoulder - the light touch of her holy kiss, I felt upon my lips. DIANE vanished - as she came ... back into the invisible ethers.

ON - THE MEANING OF THE NEW AGE

THE morning light streaming in at my window announced the coming of another new day. The view reaching across the wide expanse of desert helped me hook up with the subjective domains - to extend the dimensions of my mind. The electrical charge going through my body told me SHE would be here in a moment. Would she come in vision? Would I hear the softness of her golden voice? Would I view her shadowy form?

“Good morning, Child of Earth,” she greeted warmly, her voice meeting my mind over the ether waves. “Today I shall discourse on the coming New Age. For many long years, my daughter, earthman has envisioned the beginning of the -new epoch, a day of transition when all things would be made new. Every inch of earth’s creation can feel the deep, unstilled yearning of the cycle ahead.

“The time is not long, now. The dawn of the spiritual dispensation so long withheld you will soon behold. Earthman cannot reach much farther on the ladder of materialization. He has spanned the dizzying heights. Now he must start his rapid descent. His ascent has been slow. His descent will be speedy. From that point he will then start his ascension to higher states of usefulness. No longer will he strive for material eminence, for power over his fellowmen ... for possessions which soon pall - for he will have seen the folly of his ways. He will seek just as earnestly for truth, justice and goodness as he has sought for the goods of the earth. The coming of the New Age is long overdue, delayed by earthman refusing to look beyond his own little self for inspiration and guidance. Though he has preached “the glory of God in- the highest, on Earth Peace and Good Will toward Men,” this beautiful concept has not been enthroned in his heart.

No, Child of Earth, when the New Age dawns man will no longer seek the sterile and the barren, all of which he has created in his small mortal mind; he will strive to be fruitful, to elevate himself. and those around and about him. He will challenge his contestants to the highest celestial realms. ‘The world he has nourished with sensuality, with greed and avarice, with lust for power, will no longer sprout its despicable -seeds. They will fall on arid soil. The banquet table that has fed his pompous vanity will be carried away. His hunger will be a spiritual hunger, his thirst a spiritual thirst. He will offer thanks for every precious drop of spiritual nectar that touches his hot, parched lips.

“Look down the long road of earthman’s stumbling past,” my daughter. You will be sickened with the nauseating stupidities of human-kind on earth. You will look askance at the greed-built structures. To these earthman must light the fires of destruction that he may not be forced to look upon the monstrosities he has created. I am sure he will not wait for them to crumble into dust, mired down with mud and debris. He will reduce them to ashes as rapidly as he can do so. Knowing beyond all shadow of doubt that he has built his human temple on insecure foundations, he will no longer wish to look upon them. Too, he will view with disdain the ritualistic serfdom he has dared to call equality. Having elevated himself above his fellowmen, he will know that the feudal system of the Middle Ages had never passed into oblivion. It has only been changed in the content of the word. Earthman of today has shown but little more mercy than the feudal overlords of days gone by. When he sees himself in the rôle of the master, whip in hand, ready to lash out at the least provocation, he will then realize that his ignoble urges are no different from the master and slave precepts born and bred in the childhood of the cycle.

Child of Earth, if there are any doubts left in your mind, go back into your histories and recount earthman's great conquests. These conquests he thought so noble ... what have they amounted to? Have they not all fallen by their own weight? Have not your great civilizations been reduced to ashes?

Today the centuries have fled and the sun is again coming up over the wooded hills. The time will soon be at hand for those ON HIGH to descend earthward. You will find it in your sacred scriptures: 'Now have the unstable kingdom of The World become the Kingdom of the Lord and His Christ.' Rev. 11:15.

Yes, Child of Earth, we of the Greater Planets are the messengers of The New Age. We are the angels mentioned so often in your sacred writings. We have come to help wing in the *new* heaven and the *new* earth. We have come to help prepare for that glorious inheritance which will one day be yours to enjoy. It has long been decreed that a roadway should be established between your planet and ours.

Be it known, Child of Earth, through all the long centuries our watch-towers have never been deserted. The lights from our incandescent lamps have never ceased burning. In your darkest hours our sights have been upon you. Now again we have sent our silvery ships into your atmospherean seas. Your noble Red Man knew us in vision. He saw us -in The Morning Star. His own majestic forebears have long since taken up residence on our lofty planet. This has been told to you by our Brother Blue Cloud. Today, new conditions confront us just as they confront the Planet Earth. 'Since we are the upper are of your planet we too are destined to go on to higher realms. Our work is soul-enfranchisement, our creed equal justice for all the peoples of the universe. This is why we wish to come now in all glory that your sin-clad earth might be purified, that fertile seeds might be planted over every inch of the globe's surface. No longer must earthman harken to the voice of false leaders. No longer must his premise be words that have lost their meaning. In your new dispensation mankind must listen to the voice of his heart. Only then can he exemplify his beautiful yuletide hymn 'Glory to God in the Highest, On Earth, Peace and Good Will Toward Men.'

"On your unhappy planet, the heart and soul of every man is crying out for a new way of life. Every man is seeking, consciously or unconsciously for something beyond his ineffectual religions to help him toward a larger understanding. He wants something more tangible than the faith he has been taught to embrace. He wants something he can see, and feel and touch. When he finds that which he is seeking, then he will have bridged the gap of centuries."

"Child of Earth, in the New Age, whose dawn you now behold, earthman will be lifted to higher arcs of usefulness. His credo will be: 'Do not fear God ... but Love thy brother.' When his intelligence is awakened then he can be entrusted with the secrets of space travel. He will be taught in the ways of a greater science. Transition time is rapidly approaching. That which was set into motion at the beginning of the cycle will be made manifest and complete at the cycle's ending. 'When will that day come, you ask?'

Transition is ever sharp and sudden. When the omnipotent moment comes millions will be unprepared. While earthman's knowledge has increased through the centuries, his wisdom has not. Though he heralds the coming of wonder drugs as a panacea for the ills of mankind, he has not yet uncovered a remedy for the greatest ill of all - the pollution of the lifestream of human consciousness. When all this comes to pass - then the transition will follow.

"Child of Earth, we come now that all doubt might be alleviated. Those who are not prepared cannot rise by themselves. They need our help. Signs will be posted along the way. The word of the New Dispensation will be quickly spread. Those who *are* ready will meet us

and acknowledge us. We will appear first in vision, then we will walk down the streets of earth together. Our guides and our teachers will be without number. We will be ever watchful that earthman does not stray into the mire of past action. Every effort will be made to keep him from faltering and prevent him from falling. He will not err in understanding for we will speak a language all will understand. Our radiant lights will be beamed over every inch of the earth plane. None shall be able to cover himself nor hide from the glare. One by one those who- stray will be coerced back toward the paths of righteousness. It is our hope and our prayer that none shall be lost.

Child of, Earth ... in that day the sick will be healed. The afflicted will be comforted. The hungry shall be fed. This is the New Deliverance-I-the pathway into the new tomorrow.”

May the blessings of Venus shine upon you, Child of Earth.

I am DIANE. I shall come again.”

ON - FEAR

IT had been a trying, difficult day. One of those days when everything had gone wrong. Frustrations had beset me on every side. Weary with it all I had retired early. But not to sleep. Hour after hour I tossed on dew-wrinkled sheets trying to force my -cerebral atoms to give up an answer to my problems. But instead...

At the midnight hour my troubled mind grew tranquilly calm. It was a moonless night and only a Stygian darkness prevailed. Unexpectedly a phosphorescent glow swept across my room, followed by a small illumined disc from which streamed a brilliant orange flame. The luminosity moved slowly across the 'entire length of my bedroom, then out of the window where it instantly vanished.

I sat bolt upright, absorbed with fascination. Then out of the corner of my eye on the opposite side of the bed I caught the faint outline of a white-robed shadowy figure. Although the features were indistinct, I knew it was DIANE.

"I come again, my daughter," she intoned. "This time to allay your needless anxiety. Fear, Child of Earth ... is *not* of God. Fear is the bondage of your Planet Earth. Earth's children have even been taught to fear God's ireful wrath. What a mistaken concept this has been!

Fear has damped the fires of inspiration. Fear has coerced the light of reason from earthman's soul. The burning fires of a man created hell has laid earthman in torment through the eons of time.

Fear, my daughter is the ashes of sin. It has brought to your unhappy planet a long series of shattered hopes. This would not be so if earthman would be rid of his fears. Because man fears, the evil forces from the darkest dungeons are brought forth. The hateful past lives again and again.

In the childhood of this long and arduous cycle earthman made. images in his own likeness that he might prostrate himself in prayerful supplication. He came to worship the false gods rather than The Living GOD. It was then his concept of the real GOD became distorted. It was then he began to know sickness, poverty and evil. When this erroneous concept occupied the throne where his GOD should have been, earth man became bewildered. He was forced to wade through centuries of despairing civilization. The evil seeds sown in one generation were scattered into the next. And so on. Behind every evil lies the phantom of fear. Fear digs deep into the repulsive passions there to form a sediment of *evil*. The evil-doer, afraid of himself, lives in a world of shadows. Blinded by the fears he has created, he is too weak to rise out of his miseries. And. so he lives on in the superficialities of life, his eyes blinded, his soul forsaken.

Fear has manacled earthman to greed. It has carried him the full gamut of destruction. It has often taken him out of life before his patterns of violence have run to completion. These evils he carries with him into the sub-worlds for others to acquire and give forth.

Child of Earth ... the highways and byways of life are strewn with the pompous and the, vain. At the root of vanity is fear. In the depths of themselves these pompous ones are repentant and sorrowful. Though it is hard for the good man to understand, sin is quite as repugnant to the evil-doer as it is to the sufferer from the evils done.

Your humanity is ever asking: 'Can man rise from his hateful sins?' Yes, my daughter ... let me repeat over and over again, we of the greater planets have come to act as shepherds and

shepherdesses to lead earthman out of his chaos. To awaken him from his centuries-old-slumbers. To release the repeated errors to which he has been anchored - errors burned into the chart of time.

Your humanity must rise again. Your civilization must be saved. Only then can a lasting peace come to the Planet Earth. Only then can there be absolute assurance of man's continuance and growth. If earthman is to dwell in the loftiest realms of the spirit - if he is to listen to the soft melodies of the night - if he is to know a success-crowned existence - he must be rid of his fears. He must be rid of them for all time. Then only can he be entrusted with the secrets of life eternal. Only then will he know the true meaning of unity. Only then will his soul be fresh and cleansed. In that day there will be no more struggle - wealth will flow in abundance. Earthman will be able to tap the boundless sources where life is filled and running over with all things good. Human hearts will sing with gladness for all will be rising on the same note toward achievement.

Child of Earth ... man does not make the complete circle in one short life span. Fear and ignorance stifle the germs of growth.

The seeds planted in one season germinate and grow in the next. In time the shrubs become the trees waxing sturdy and strong. The tree ultimately becomes the 'tree of life.'

Great earthly changes are coming, my daughter. The false pyramids that earthman has erected will soon crumble to dust. Materialism and spirituality must blend as 'one. There will be social competency, for spirit will reach down into the very core of your social system. Adjustments are inevitable. The minds of men must be changed. They cannot be changed all at once. Earthman will seek avenues of escape. When he finds the doors shut and 'barred, then he will begin to cooperate. He will know he must cooperate. Stripped of his pride and his egotism, the like of which he has mistaken for courage, he will gladly toss his false concepts onto the funeral pyre.'

Through his longstream of lives earthman has been a ship without a rudder. Instead of marching forward, true to his God, he has raced backwards toward his own destruction. The day is close at hand when he will no longer worship the tinselled existence he has created but he will have respect for that which God has created, through him. He will give thanks to his divine Source. He will know the meaning of attunement.

And now, Child of Earth, cast off your fears for all time. If God is with you, there is no room for fears, doubts, hatreds, jealousies, or for the ruthless tramping over human lives. God is the same yesterday, today and forever. There is but ONE SUBSTANCE. There is but ONE ENERGY ... the eternal, creative LIFE OF GOD. When earthman violates the laws of God he feels deep in his conscience the fears that are his ultimate downfall.

Venusian achievement is rooted in GOD'S glorious truths. This same achievement earthman will one day inherit. Long years has he awaited the Second Coming of His Savior to bring him these same glad tidings. He has prayed that his higher vision would be awakened. When earthman is rid of his fears he will make a noble contribution to all expansion. He will experience in truth, all cosmic reality. He will speak a divine language that will help to lift every heart. When his perceptions have been cleansed he will know the meaning of life's ultimate goals.

Child of Earth, all of this is within earthman's grasp today.

He is swinging between two worlds. His head is bowed at the bar of justice. Once he places his feet on the right path he will travel swiftly to the mecca of greatness. He will then

know, that even his dreams have souls, and the twinkling lights of civilization can comeingle with the illumined lights from ON HIGH. The concepts he will learn from us will eventually be built into his own social structure. They will become a part of the civil and religious life. Existence then will become a series of miracles. Man will have outwitted time. He will have conquered space. He will worship Principle because he has become a Principle. He will know reality ... because he is Reality. He will be one with all life everywhere for the wound he has nursed so long will have healed.

The soul of earthman is eternal. It cannot be destroyed by fire or flood. When his outlook is changed - when his viewpoint is transformed he will then turn his efforts toward transforming the world he lives in. He will rise. to the heights lifted to new horizons where he will touch the hand of God.

And now Child of Earth, again I leave you with our blessings.

But I will come in the future, a living witness to Truth.

DIANE.”

ON - TELEPORTATION

IT was Full Moon and the desert sands were like newly drifted snow. I loved these balmy summer nights and I often stretched my work-weary body on a canvas cot looking toward the starry heavens as they created a giant canopy over the desert wastes. Alone once more with my thoughts my mind started to wander out into that nebulous world of space. Segment by segment my consciousness was reeled out into the Great Unknown.

Suddenly I felt an amplified awareness that seemed to touch off the sparks of my soul ... then came the echoing melody and sweet scent of perfume - I had come to 'recognize as the approaching presence of the lovely DIANE. Silence prevailed for moments, it seemed, then she gathered me into her warm embrace. The sweet words of her mind floated in over the night waves.

"Again I come to you, Child of Earth ... this time that I might clear away some of the misconceptions about us and the mystery of our silvery discs you earthlings so vulgarly call flying saucers. Look toward the starry skies, perceive well the vast area of space between earth and the heavens above. There in that sea of space you will find the keys to all knowledge, for space, my daughter, is the mixing bowl of the cosmos. In that great chemical region above one element is being constantly resolved into another. This is the matter in which creation takes place. It is the clue to constant change; to evolution itself.

In that vast sea above you there is a 'center' ... a 'hub'. Balance is the keynote of all creation. When earthlings find the balance-wheel of the cosmos, they too will become skilled in the processes of creation. They will see the Universe as only a larger pattern - the pattern of accomplishment.

Many long centuries ago, we Venusians found that key. Since then we have become dynamic creators. Having 'learned well the art of creation all things are ours for the asking. The cosmos may seem far, far away my child, but it is as close to you as breath itself. Man, whether he resides on earth or on some one of the Great Planets, is a little cosmos within himself. When he finds the wheel of balance he can do anything the larger universe can do. When -there is perfect balance between man and God there is concord ... syntheses of the tangible with the intangible. This brings about perfect understanding of all things, manifest and un- manifest. Once you make touch with the 'center' of that great chemical laboratory you will know yourself to be an integral part of the Great Scheme of Things.

In that laboratory all thought is created ... thoughts are translated one to another. It is there the metamorphosis takes place. Once you have attained perfect balance all knowledge is available to you. You have but to 'wish' to know the answer to the most abstruse question and it will be flashed back in-an instant from that vast horizon.

Child of Earth, you have but to soar into those higher-realms as we Ado, to know the truth. At the center of all, you can look to any part of the universe. This is the workshop of God. Here creations are made manifest. As the center is touched the Greater Universe moves closer and closer. Then-as man is, skilled in one endeavor he is given greater tasks to perform - tasks that require greater skills. When he reaches the zenith of his skills on one planet - he is reborn. in greater spheres. Your present civilization is close to the summit of its earthly skills. A few of God's chosen will soon be permitted to go to that 'center'-experience the glorious heaven that is there - then go back to help others along the way.

The great masses must come on in sections. They will be banded together by leaders who will attempt to wrap them in one unified thought. As collective units are assembled progress will be rapid. This work must start with the weakest links. As the weak links are made strong the strong links are made stronger. The difficult requires great effort to be sure, but vibration will help the speeding up processes. As each one is given a definite responsibility, actuated with 'one-idea' new levels will be quickly reached. When the new world-outlook prevails there will be few recalcitrant ones ... fewer who will fail. Just as flowers appreciate the sunshine and give forth in gorgeous bloom, man when he sees the beautiful new -world around him, will likewise try to give back in grateful appreciation.

When fertile seeds are sown and dynamic force added all things will begin to move. Static creates the slow-moving times. Static prevents man's working toward the greater manifestation. My daughter, on life's pathway there are always two roads - two distinct paths over which earthman can travel. Intelligence only can guide his footsteps in the right direction. On your earth the kind of cycle that looms ahead will be determined by the 'thought force' that is set afloat in the sea of pure dimension you are viewing now.

Child of Earth ... you will now see that all this 'preliminary has been to establish a premise upon which to satisfactorily explain the principle of teleportation, for by means of teleportation we can voyage from planet to planet. For many long centuries we Venusians have possessed teleportive powers. By teleportation I mean the ability to depart from one point and re-appear in another with the speed of thought. It is only possible to teleport a solid body where there is a perfectly balanced interchange between spirit and matter. Only the perfectionist, one who has touched the center of the universe, can teleport or be teleported. Through the centuries a few earthlings have been instructed in the art of these celestial mechanics. - There are many recorded instances of mysterious appearances and disappearances, even of whole civilizations vanishing without a trace.

In teleportation the vibrations must transcend time and space. Time and space is eliminated. There must be intense visualization. When the vibrations are speeded up-raised a full octave above the usual norm, then seemingly lifeless matter yields to the mind's every command. In teleportation there must be but A 'one thought' and that thought ... all-powerful.

My daughter, teleportation is the act of uniting spirit with matter at center. This you have seen in your vegetable kingdom where it is called - spontaneous generation. Again I repeat, in rare instances teleportive powers have been given to earth beings. Teleportation is very difficult for terrestrials, for yours is a planet of slow, vibration while ours is instantaneous. Earthman, even the 'greats' more often than not go off balance in -their attempts.

An objective-subjective relationship runs through all things. Where there is perfect balance so-called lifeless matter springs to life merely by the power of thought.

Again I repeat ... before teleportation is possible a foundation must be first created. Only then can the creative power of God's inspired WORD be made flesh. You saw the result of this Godly command. when I manifested to you and others in teleportive substance. First by means of a dynamic creative will I affirmed that which was *flesh* should be made *spirit*. In an instant the atoms of my fleshly body started to disintegrate. Instantly I was surrounded by an invisible shadow body. In the length of time it takes thought to travel through space I arrived at my destination. Still clothed in a 'thought body' I again gave the command that the invisible should take on embodiment. I spoke the *Word*.

AM DIANE. I AM MADE MANIFEST IN EARTHLY FORM. Instantly the fleshly atoms whirled into pattern - and as you saw - in an instant a state of solidity was reached. I was DIANE ... not in spirit ... but in flesh.

My daughter ... always remember - without inner perfection there can be no outer perfection. There must be perfect balance between the realm of spirit and the realm of materiality.

In this great universe there are worlds within worlds each; carries its own rate of vibration into higher worlds. Balance is the keynote. Should one go too far in one direction, not far enough in another, the purpose is defeated. Skill makes all things possible.

As I have said - in teleportation solid bodies are moved by an unseen force. Before teleportation can be demonstrated the power of thought must correspond with the state of manifestation. Visualization must be all-forceful. Only in this way can the 'state' of the life-giving plasms be altered.

That you might better understand, Child of Earth ... let me put it still another way. In teleportation, substance is drawn from the cosmos and molded into form by the power of thought alone. This applies not only to animate bodies - but inanimate bodies as well. A concentration in consciousness is needed for the performance of teleportation. A concentration in consciousness is likewise needed for any world-changing event. This is the principle of direct creation.

Child of Earth ... while there have been rare instances of teleportation on your earth plane it will be many centuries before earth bodies are sufficiently subtle to make teleportation general. Perhaps the most outstanding evidence of teleportation on your plane was that of your Great Teacher, Jesus, The Christ: 'While, they beheld he was taken up in a cloud.' ... 'And I looked and beheld a white cloud and upon that cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown and in his hand a sharp sickle.'

My daughter ... be not alarmed when a voyager from other planets comes into your midst. Open up your heart in welcome for such a one brings you a message.

Again I take my leave with blessings ... 'til we meet again." I could hear the faint strains of a beautiful hymn ... "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." With the perfume of rare incense in my nostrils - Diane was gone.

ON - THOUGHTS

HIGH up in the pine-treed cliffs of Pinecove, California, DIANE found me again. The beautiful late summer's morning seemed to put new life into the birds' sweet song. Skinny and Janie, two play-loving squirrels were scolding for their breakfast for it was past their "peanut time". These little grey playsters were more like tree spirits than lively animals. How completely they had come to rely on humans for their daily repast!

There was a slight chill in the air, but it was clean and fresh and redolent with the scents from the mountain's yellow pine. I thought I heard her, whispering in my ear.

"Good morning, Child of Earth ... let us sit together again for the days are shortening and there is so much to be said." I could not see her with my mortal eyes, but I greeted her with a smile. I had now learned how to be tranquil when she appeared. "Your earth," she began, "is swimming in a sea of negation. Negative thinking has come out of the depths of time, and earthman is moored to tradition's negative guillotine. For ages, mass humanity has been steeped in negative thoughts. Wrong thinking has held him captive in the catacombs of suffering. He has lived in a world of despairing hopes because he has not tried to burst the shell of ignorance. The thoughts earthman has so carelessly planted, have ripened on his tree of life.

"Child of Earth, to think error is to breed error. 'Thought' is more powerful than your armies, for if it were not for wrong thinking there would be no need for armies.

The world man abhors he has himself created through wrong thinking. But it can be quickly remade when he replaces thoughts of error with thoughts of truth. Remember, my daughter, behind manifestation emanates from these thought patterns. In the realm of thought all things visible are the molds of thought. All visible manifestations - all things are created whether for good or for evil. If earthman so wills he can change from a being of decaying flesh to a healthy vital individual by the power of thought alone. He can likewise change from a state of impoverishment to a rich and abundant life. Throughout these eons of time earthman has been bound to the lower prisons by the bonds of his erroneous thinking.

If it were not for the scattered few true thinkers, my daughter, your world would soon wither and die. The time is coming when you too will have the power over circumstances through thought. You will be able to mold the primordial substances into solids by means of thought alone. It has been our great privilege to have direct and semi-direct creation for many long years. The time is close at hand when we will be able to bring all manifestation through the mental planes.

Thought is creative, my daughter. Thoughts are the healing blocks. Thoughts are the building blocks. The power of thought is all-powerful.

In your world there is a saying: 'murder will out'. A murderer is caught not so much by clever police tracking, but the murderer is usually trapped by his own thoughts. He is discovered 'because the poignancy of the 'thought stuff' has registered in the universal ethers.

How long did the secret of your -atom bomb remain a secret? Not long as you well know. Likewise through thought, there is nothing impossible of accomplishment. Where one mind speaks to another - where there is attunement and mutual interest, there is also the wonder-working power of thought Through thought every desired mind pattern is created into form.

Your earth scientists are today trying every sort of magic in an attempt to short-circuit thinking. We Venusians need no scientific precision instruments for having learned how to keep our minds clear. Sharp and clean we carry our mind patterns to their own fulfilment.

Thought is free. It can go anywhere, at any time. Thought can travel through space. It can travel with the speed of light. Thought can function one plane to another. That is why our beneficent influence can be sent to any part of the universe. World domains are no barriers to thought. When earthlings learn how to control and manipulate thought, they will go straight because they will think straight. Then only can earthlings get real enlightenment and wisdom.

Clear, concise thinking should be made a habit - an emotionally controlled habit. Constructive thoughts only should be permitted to sink into the subconscious mind. The mind should be cleared of all thought debris before embarking on slumber; Negative and destructive thoughts sink deep into the subconscious channels there to bring forth distorted manifestations.

The understructure of our Venusian educational system is the teaching of constructive thinking. We feed the mind 'creative values.' We do not deal in memory courses. Young minds in the formative stage need not be impressed with the letter of events. A properly trained mind can of its own accord tune in on these events at any time. Intuitional knowledge is *true* knowledge. In our educational work we stress finer and finer grades of thinking for in the realm of thought is to be found the alpha and omega of existence.

Pure perception is simplicity itself once the mind is properly trained. Dimensions in human understanding are increased by the power of thought. Thoughts, negative or positive, cut deep grooves into the consciousness. If an unwanted thought is put there it should be replaced with a more powerful, fresh creation.

Child of Earth - extended vision with us means merely opening up the doors of the mind. We deem it far more important to keep our mental house clean than our physical abode. Your fastidious earth-mother would blush with shame could she but view the cluttered condition of her invisible house. She would be mortified at the disorder she finds there.

Unwanted thought forms can be dissolved and eliminated by creating more powerful thought forms to take their place. This rule rigidly and properly applied is the solution to all problems. We of the higher planets pay tribute to your pioneer souls, who in their feeble way are trying to bring enlightenment to earth's children. Superior knowledge has been reserved for the few, but in recent years your more adventuresome universities have brought 'studies in thought' to the more advanced minds. This is a major step toward achievement. It will be through the channels of thought that an empire of peace will one day reign upon your earth.

When the principles of thought can be applied to the task of living, illness as you know it on earth will disappear. You will never again know poverty with its contingent sorrows. Opportunities will be everywhere present. You will know the mind as a sacred shrine, the door between that which you know and that which is desired to be *known*.

In the depths of the human mind you will find the answer to every problem. Today you have the greatest opportunity in all your long histories for in any transition period there is always cosmic assistance. If you will but open the doors of your mind we of the distant planets will help re-seed your spiritually depleted souls. We can help you rise to the heights of greatness.

Think it over well, my daughter, for as one of your sages once said: 'If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is *'infinite'*'.

Again I go, leaving with you the blessings of Venus. And – I will come again!”

DIANE

ON - DEATH

IT was the time between dawn and the daylight. Strange electrical vibrations permeated the room. Of a sudden, it seemed a dark curtain came down over my eyes. I was plunged into dismal darkness. After what seemed to me an endless eternity a wierd, phosphorescent glow appeared before my straining vision. I seemed to be wrapped in some strange enchantment as the illumined area grew in size. DIANE had never come in this manner before and for a moment I took her to be an imposter. '

"Child of Earth ... I greet you this desolate morn from behind the curtain of life. As I have come forth, just so shall I depart. It is not that I wish to appear dramatic, but my daughter, I want you to know for a certainty that life goes on beyond the grave. I want you to know in your heart and soul that *death* is not what earthlings make of it. Life is an experience on one plane - death's life ... an experience on another.

While earthman has witnessed death in its many forms, his concept of death is one of entering into the Unknown. He has not yet learned the meaning of *death*. When bereavement comes he feels ill toward God that he has brought such a happening into his life. It is a reminder to him that it is his own ultimate fate.

My daughter, it is only the haunting fear of extinction that makes earthman fear the transition. Because he does not wish to face the reality, many prefer to believe that death is the end of all things. To such a one death is a violent release because the fearful soul will not accept an easy transition.

My daughter, to the Venusians and all beings on higher planes, that which is so abhorrent to earthman we deem a blessing. We sorrow only when a great one passes from our midst for we know we then have major adjustments to make, and that is not always easy. As you will recall, our wonderful Queen Zona had been with us for centuries, measured in your time. While we sorrowed over our loss we rejoiced at her passing. We knew that she had not left us - that her leadership would still go on behind the curtain you call death. When the life span is ended and the purpose fulfilled, death is just another step in the progression of the soul. Life goes from a personalized existence - to a life impersonal. Rather than wearing the temporal robes of earth the one who has passed dons the robes of the worlds etherial.

On your earth plane when death ensues the atoms of flesh slowly disintegrate. That is only because earth bodies are composed of denser materials than ours. We have learned to dissolve the atoms just as we do in teleportive flight. That which has vitalized the substance of the body becomes the vital power of consciousness.

Never fear when death draws nigh, my child. It is only the terror of death and not death itself that strikes like the knife or a sword. Many earthlings go on ahead of their time, for when the body powers are at low ebb and fear enters the soul - fear-speeds on the end.

The fear of death goes back to the time when your earth was young. Earthman knew only that which his senses taught him. Terror played a part in his growth. But with it came the age long fear of death.

My child, if earthman could only glimpse the glorious world that beckons him he would quickly shed his fears. That which binds him to the lower purgatories - the so-called hells - that is not death. It is man's own fears that have taken on form. If he would but venture behind the curtain of the unknown he would have an understanding of that which he fears. In that moment he would banish his fears forever.

Death, my child, is like changing a garment-going from a mortal cloak to a sheath of color-tinted plasms. The body, a temporary house of clay is no different in particles than the substance that goes to make up all of nature's undeveloped forms. But within man's fleshly form there is a vital spark. This spark is absent in the lesser forms.

It is sad to think about, Child of Earth ... but few there are on your plane of existence who are without apprehension when transition -time draws nigh, yet from birth to the last day the soul is housed in mortal body it has unconsciously sought that which it has feared. Never has earthman been happy with 'today', but he has ever looked for tomorrow to bring him joys. Each tomorrow has led him closer to that which he has unwittingly sought, for the soul yearns to drink from that eternal fountain. This unconscious longing for renewal is the spiritual thirst of man. The body goes back to the soil from whence it came, but the soul goes onward and upward in an endless round of progress.

Countless men of earth have pondered the question - why should a perfect spark chose to go through long periods of suffering? Why should it need to tread the same birth-and-death-path?

I say to you, my daughter, in each life, whether-on the Planet Earth or the myriads of planets in the Great System, each *loans* something that is needed for the ultimate victory of the soul. This is God's way, my child. It is His will. Does not your-Bible state: 'For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.' For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

No, my daughter ... death does *not* end all for *there is no death!* It will be a day of great rejoicing when earthman no longer fears the transition. In that day there will be no more evil on earth for behind every destructive thought, back of every evil deed ... is the *fear of death*.

When the time comes when you can stand by as we do, and watch life spring forth from primordial essence then you will have no more fears. Your Bible states: 'In my father's house are many mansions.' When death comes and the soul goes up to the bar 'of justice, it is then sent to the 'mansion' it has earned for itself. It lives in surroundings to which it has become attuned. As one star differs from another, so does soul differ from soul. In each respective mansion the soul is taught to grow. This is the never- ending joy of the upward climb.

I hear you sighing, my daughter ... as all earth's children have sighed. It seems like a Herculean task to you now, but life need not be stumbling and awkward. There are guideposts, many guideposts along the path. Evolution's growth is slow and tedious, but the eventual goal will one day be reached.

In your land of America more than one hundred years ago, one of these guideposts appeared. Two frail young women, The Fox Sisters, heralded to the world - *there is no death*. They brought to your continent the first voice of survival. Although the Rochester Rappings are derided to this day, the consciousness that has been generated and built by the many believers has planted a seed that will one day sprout in the garden of humanity. This same consciousness has paved the way to ultimate proof. Even those who scoff and jeer, deep within them they cling to some forlorn hope that they do live on after the end.

Child of Earth ... was it not the God-hand that rapped on the Fox Sister's door? The time had come for earthlings to know these things. There is *no death*, my daughter. Remember that, always! Do you not recall the words of your own true Sage, Will Rogers? Did he not say ... 'When you live life to its fullest there is nothing in death to be frightened of. It is a privilege to pass on'?

And again I leave you with the blessings of Venus. Again let me say from time to time you will receive a-message from behind the veil called death. Do not fear ... but try to understand.”

DIANE

ON - LOVE

THE thunderstorm moved on, leaving the mountain top - alive with fresh, clean air. What a relief from the sinister smog I had left behind in the now gloomy city of Los Angeles. Breathing in the pristine freshness I gazed into the breeze-swept tree-tops where the birds and the chattering squirrels made their home. Janie, the neighborhood pet, had been killed by a car a few days before. Skinny, her seemingly ardent mate, was already courting another female member of the squirrel family.

Love! The beautiful words poets sing about ... of what did it consist anyway? My mind flew to LeLando and the beautiful love I had known on Venus. LeLando had said: "Distance is no barrier to love. When the spirit is wedded there can be no separation." Sixteen years had passed and only once had I contacted LeLando and then only for a moment.

In those last hours together, LeLando had said: "There will always be that glorious unity between us. We shall be together in a relationship that is forever divine... Always in time of need you have but to summon and I will be there."

Wherein had I failed? Why had I been permitted to place one foot into love's paradise, then be sent back to a world of tumult? Sent back into the quicksands of life?

Instantly, I heard the telephone ringing in my mind. Diane had heard the questions my mind had asked.

"Child of Earth, how oft that precious possession of love has been sold to the highest bidder for gold. You did not sell for gold, my daughter, but you did fail to heed the warning that love is a dominant force - protection against all error. Back on earth you quickly forgot the lessons you had learned. For years you have been out of step with the force that blends the harmonies of the universe. For years your heart has been filled with fears and your footsteps have found only the quicksands. You ignored the words of your gentle master that 'Perfect love casteth out fear.'

Child of Earth ... through love all things can be changed. Love is the unifying force of the universe. All true manifestation, 'whether on the earth plane of existence or the farthest star is dependent upon Love. The powers of transmutation are to be found in the heart. The more love one possesses, the more of the things he desires can be his. Love opens new vistas. It embraces the seemingly remote realities. Love is the magic behind all things, visible and invisible.

Earth children have been taught to fear all things. On Venus we are taught to *love* all things. First, of all we are taught to love God for we know that all things are sustained in God's Love

A beautiful love between the mating opposites fits into the cosmic whole like a harp to its strings. There is no greater happiness than when earthman meets his spiritual affinity. A woman in love brings forth ideal creations. A love-inspired man goes out to conquer the world. Love is the greatest healing agency there is.

No greater love hath human known than yours, my daughter. LeLando was the spiritual symbol of Love. Yours was a soul-tie woven long, long ago. On life's thorny pathway that love has passed through many soul-jarring dramas. It has experienced many blessed joys. Yours was a love kindled in the fires of spirit. A love you must live and live again in the

charmed and spell-bound silences. It cannot be severed by death for it has been written into the scripts of immortality.

Child of Earth ... love is a great adventure, but it has many ports of call. You knew the joys of love for a short-lived time, then it seemed to be snatched away again. But fear not ... the threads of destiny are intricately woven. They are strong, unbreakable threads that can reach out and embrace any part of the great universe. The chainwork of love can never be broken. It may lie fallow for a time. It may rest through many earth lives off on some mission for The Father ... another port of call. But once that wonderful reality has been -touched, whether on earth or in the planets in the heavens above, the link is eternal. It is there to feed many hungry hearts at the banquet table of the eternal feasts. Remember, my daughter, love is the true sustainment of health. Of wealth. It is the sustainment of true happiness and understanding. True love opens up the flow to the universal tides. It is the very wine of existence.

Under the magic spell of love, my daughter, one can know. the totality of existence. Love is the music and the gladness of the spirit. Love's intuition is the word of prophesy. A full life is a life filled with .love. When one loves truly he is lifted with love's buoyancy. I through love's intoxication one can readily transcend the vicious cycles life has made for him.

When love consumes the heart, life is not to be suffered in vain, but enjoyed in its completeness. He that loveth all ... his family, his friends ... his city and his country ... must likewise love God. Child of Earth ... try to listen through space for the voice of one who has *not* forgotten. - Try to make every breath, a breath of love. Try to make every word, a word of love. Make every act an act of love. To do so is to love and be loved. When you find the great jewel of love in your heart you will find also, as you walk down the streets of life, the good and the noble in every soul you meet. You will then know the meaning of your Master's words: 'And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. When this kind of love can embrace all forms of life from lowly man to the: holy angels ... then will the beings of earth *live in love* and know love in all its highest vistas.

Again my daughter, I must go, and again I leave with my blessings ..."

DIANE

ON - HEALING

THE sentinel peaks were serene and calm; a shadow veil of violet gently hugged the tall~ cliffs of San Jacinto Mountain. Across the valley in a secluded idyllic canyon, a sacred plot of earth had been set aside for The Altar in the Wilderness Shrine - a nucleating center for the healing of the ills of mankind. I had come here often since that day when I was first inspired to carry out the plans for the healing sanctuary.

Lying flat on my back on the very spot where the cornerstone had been laid, I could see through the golden effusion of the sun- light, The Angel of San Jacinto. Perhaps since the very beginning of time, the angel had rested there, a “symbol of health” to the valley of destiny.

I could feel the electric fluids of the cosmos flowing through my body when of a "sudden I became intensely introspective--the desert sands, the prong-studded flora“- the scampering lizards - they were all a living part of God’s Great Plan. In that moment I-knew, as the immortal Shakespeare had known: “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

It had been almost three years now since the prophets had decreed that this plot of earth should serve as a focal center for healing consciousness. Here blind and stumbling humanity would one day be led out of its chaos into the promised land of the New Tomorrow. It was no mere happen-stance that this region had been chosen as a place of healing worship. Centuries before, the ancient Cahuilla Indians had made it one of their sacred landmarks. -Indians came from far and near to bathe in the sacred springs of thermal waters --the same curative waters that today flowed beneath the shrine location. Here on this clean spot of nature’s soil, new values would be found and new values are ever the coil-spring of a more promising life.

The clean desert air caressing my senses, I felt vibrant, magnetic, alive. My heart was hammering with the exhilarating contact. Effervescing -with new enthusiasm, the regrets I had known only moments before had disappeared. The lonely canyon was like a hushed cathedral entered for the first time for prayer and devotion. From behind a misshapen -Indigo Bush about ten feet distant, -a wraith-like shadow came» into being. It was more like a vision than a specter - and I knew it was DIANE.

“Child of Earth,” she intoned ... “today I come with the most important message yet delivered in this series of discourses, for right here on this hallowed ground the long-dead centuries will again be revived. On this sacred earth the veil between the worlds is very thin, so thin it is difficult to separate the material from the divine. Think well” of the great words of your Prophet -Isaiah: ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.’ Here on these singing desert sands humanity will listen to the song of the soul. Many hearts will be opened up to the universal flow of God’s divine energy.

This is not new to you, Child of Earth. Some years ago when you returned from your strange journey you were told to come to this desert country. You came and you stayed though many times you suffered great privations. You have known many heartaches, but that was part of your conditioning; a necessary requisite for the reception of things to come. Before life can be directed into new channels, my daughter ... before science can create a new ... the environment must be adapted to receive it.

Intuition paves the way to new horizons. Intuition opens the doors to higher dimensions. We of the Greater Planets have been quietly working toward a more perfect earth manifestation. A telescopic consciousness must be created in the heart of all man- kind. “In

the evolutionary advance of 'the earth in the days ahead, the healing arts will be stressed. When earthman is surfeited with the so-called miracles of science - when these many panaceas for healing fail to heal - then investigators will be guided toward the higher realms. Your scientists will then learn that earthman has a natural body and an etheric body ... that there must be a mutuality in equilibrium if a healthy state is to be maintained. Your men of science will learn that it is useless to treat the body so long as the auric envelope is filled with psychic debris. Perfect balance must exist between both planes. Poisonous plasms must be constantly replaced by life-giving substances.

Your scientific men have not searched beyond the superficial. They have failed to apply the same pragmatic principles to all planes--to know and realize there is a perfect reciprocity between all creation. Where only the pure essences flow in and out there can be no such thing as a sick body. There will one day be instruments to check these balances - to measure manifestation on all planes.

Child of Earth, human ills are caused by going too far in one direction - not far enough in another. One individual *carries too heavy a load of material substance; another too great a degree* of spiritual plasm. Since time immemorial earthman has sought for a way to health. The early religions taught the art of healing, but this art has been lost in the march of civilization. When spiritual quest is undertaken in earnest, then the ills of mankind will disappear. In that day the needs of the soul will be realized.

Science will have learned how to harness the universal harmonies. Your scientific men will no longer-be guessing ... they will *know*, that all things are bound together by the same invisible cord. That all elements are compounded one from the other. Child of Earth, true essence is primordial substance - the seedlings of God's vital life force. You will read in your holy book, Kings 5:4: 'And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.'

Before the close of your present century, my daughter, you too will see the discovery of LIFE. You will understand the laws of universal gravitation. When the clock of the new destiny strikes, science will have touched the *soul* of civilization. Your scientists will know how to apply the principle of vibration and rhythm because they will have found it at the hub of all things.

Humanity must be made ready for the new state of health. In the wake of scientific progress solidified habit-molds must be broken up, for in the last analysis, disease is only a crystallized habit. Unless this is done quickly the result will be a virus in the bloodstream of humanity. A virus that will lead to earthman's corruption and decay.

Spiritual healing is a true science, my daughter ... the truest of them all. When the thinkers of earth turn from the atom to the life-giving plasms, then the greatest strides in your long histories will have been made. In that day bodies will not be weighted down with imprisoned poisonous atoms. The lifespan will be lengthened. The true spiritual healer is the surgeon of the soul.

You ask, when will this take place? The outer world moves slowly, my daughter. The inner world moves with the speed of light. When it comes it will be in the twinkling of an eye as you earthlings say.

Today your world stands in awe of miracle healings. This despite the clarity of the message left by the Master Jesus. Your men of science look to the physical vehicle as a medium of illness, while this is only the crystallized counterpart of a distorted sheath beneath, the etheric

body. The state of health of - the physical body is wholly dependent on the state of health of the etheric body. Your scientists. are unwilling to investigate, They-will not try to grasp the relationship as it applies to life and living. They refuse to believe that all real healing must take place outside the body; the Earthman functions in and through a body, but he is *not* a material being.

The principle of spiritual healing is simple indeed. Could I but-take you behind the scene I would show you the framework or the structure that carries the life substance. You would see it is constructed with the art and skill of a spider's web, and not too -unlike it in appearance. It is made up of infinitely fine silken wires through which flows a substance slightly-heavier than the consistency of milk ... whitish in color with a slight tint of blue in the auric emanation. The most attenuated *psychic sense* of earthman has not been able to discern the miracle that takes place. Until proper precision instruments have been created this mystery will remain. If it were possible for earthman to view the invisible mechanism surrounding the physical body, or perhaps I should better say, surrounding the web-like framework, you would be able to see the fine, golden grating that acts as a filter through which the rarified substances flow in, and the poisonous unwanted plasms flow out., This grating is reinforced with pin-points of delicate fuzz designed to collect the debris. From this point electrical energy is drawn from the universe.

To explain it another way, my daughter ... it is through the tiny openings of this grating - the *surround* - that the life force is admitted. For the life force is no more, no less than the plasms that are always existent on higher planes. The secret of instantaneous spiritual healing -is dependent upon these plasms. The body is only sickened when the plasms have lost their ability to serve. They lose their ability to. serve when the grating is clogged or disturbed. Bear in mind ... *life* does *not* exist in the body but in a field removed from the body. It serves the body by means of this *surround*. If the channels from the universal field are kept open and free, and the area between the grating and the physical form and this golden grating kept clean and pure, disease germs could not find lodgment in the body at any point. When the cell life is. kept under control and domination by the mind, as in spiritual healing, then as transmutation takes place the unwanted material instantly dissolved. You see, my daughter, only when there is proper adjustment between the inner and the outer can the magnetic forces of the universe flow freely.

Child of Earth ... healing is merely changing the state of illness to a state of health through spiritual osmosis. Spiritual healing is a true science. The truest of them all. To inject vile pus into the body is to create future vileness. To put clean plasms into the body is to create a lasting healthy state. When your scientific minds turn away from pus and turn toward cosmic psychics - then will they find the many answers that elude them today.

Inspired vision is the harbinger of events to come. One of the great revelations of your day came when you were told to erect a healing shrine on this strip of hallowed earth. Countless miracle healings will take place here. Many who come to visit will be carried away on waves of spiritual ecstasy. Others will experience newly awakened minds. There will be a few to whom illumination will come. In the clays ahead this holy shrine will be one of the contact points between the Planet Venus and the Planet Earth. Many will hear the voices from other spheres.

My daughter ... the sacred incandescent flame enkindled in you before departure for our land of glory will be likewise enkindled in others. I say to you, keep the incense pots always burning. Keep your fires alive on the holy altar. You will then be able to see our beacon

lights. You will be able to communicate with us. Moreover you will know GOD in the true light of *knowing* GOD. I take my leave now, my daughter, for I have much work. to do on other planes. I work not only on the concrete planes of existence, but in the etheric worlds as well. I go now to my etheric home on Ether-Cana.

I shall return - but in the interim of waiting, carry on your work with an enlightened heart. Fear not the setbacks that will be strewn in your path. The door to transcendental realizations has been opened. Use your potentialities to the utmost limit. When in doubt - you will always find the answer here in your desert sanctuary.

God bless you, my earth child ... till we meet again.”

DIANE

SUMMARY

EVERY reader of MY FLIGHT TO VENUS has questioned: Was your author's experience of sixteen years ago a mystical soul flight or an adventure in extra-human extension known as "teleportation"? Since this book was first written in 1939 it was certainly not based on any "flying saucer" illusion or enthusiast: Should it come to pass that *all* saucer sightings were in fact the result of somebody's imagination, this would not dismiss the writer's unusual experience. As a matter of fact it would strengthen it.

If these strange spacecraft constantly appearing in our skies are coming from other planets, what is their mission on earth? This is another question I am frequently asked from the platform and it cannot be answered in the language of humanity at large. Although parapsychological research is now being carried on some of our leading universities, and psychism and kindred subject are being seriously investigated by some of our best thinkers. psychical subjects in general are still frowned upon by the masses.

To those who *know* because they have *experienced*; it, true psychism is perception in divine vision. As the human life-line is cast out into the reservoir of the unknown, new knowledge is acquired, new dimensions added to the arcs of living. Every true psychic mystery of today becomes the reality of tomorrow.

Quoting from MY FLIGHT TO VENUS: "While it is never easy to convince a doubting world that the human vehicle can be sensitized to the point of releasing the soul to travel in the higher ethers, yet such certifications appear all through history. The soul, freed of its ponderous body, can pierce dimension after dimension of etheric space. The soul traveller merely pioneers the way over new and uncharted paths. It is the function of the soul to go on ahead to blast the road over which the world traveller must follow."

This means, does it not, we must enlist the mystics, the dreamers ... those. capable of perceiving the beyond, in bringing about the realities of tomorrow? When human perceptions are enlarged, the substance of cognition can be molded into tangibles.

The seers and the mystics tell us these extra-terrestrials are coming to us at this time because we are in graver danger than we realize. That the very fabric of our civilization is threatened.

They believe we are facing physical destruction to the point where the entire human family might be wiped from the face of the earth. This means, sacrificing our chance to evolve. It is the sacred and bounden duty of higher orders of life to intervene. To those residing on the "greater planets" there is but ONE UNIVERSE. All are linked together subconsciously in one universal brotherhood.

If they are willing to forego their own glorious way of life to help us, then we should be willing to do- what we can to help them. If they can inspire us with a plan and a purpose whereby we can gather strength to overthrow the old and inaugurate the new ... then why not offer them our services in full?

Thousands are beginning to embrace the hopeful thought that the time is not far distant when we will be going from planet to planet. It is being talked about in the sanctuaries of governments. It is on the lips of children and adults alike.

Within the periphery of these many evolutionary changes a new gospel is sure to emerge. 'Since the very beginning of this long and arduous cycle we have been torn between godly

yearnings and man created passions. Today our moral shovels must dig deeper than our ancestral taproots if we are to start a real cleaning-out process. If we can borrow this "new gospel" from Venus or some other remote planet, it will help shortcut our own-period of travail. If the scientific genius of other planets can help us absorb the heavy layers of evil influence that have been piled up through the ages, why should we have to be baited with gifts of reward to give them the best there is in us? Is it not our duty to help them?

Another question the lay mind is asking - if flying saucers are real why all the mystery about them? Your author sincerely believes the time will come when they will land in great numbers, but first they will have to be assured there are no more war germs left on this earth.

There is no magical formula needed to inherit the glories of Venus. For countless centuries our own "wise ones" have been trying to show us the way. When we learn to direct our energies into universal channels, this will be brought about automatically.

Just as we import valuable objects of art from the far corners of the globe, the values from afar can be brought into our own circumstances. To extend ourselves is to find a new purpose in living. Once we-know *where* we are going, and *why* we will burn with the fires of enthusiasm to push on ahead.

Another question - how can we help our -friends from afar? First we can help them with our "thoughts". *Thoughts are things* and when we can be one-pointed in thought we can be one-pointed in action. Thought builds consciousness and consciousness - rules the worlds. New consciousness means new faith and -new faith can carry us over the threshold to that glorious new cycle. Christianity was built on consciousness. Mohammedism was built on consciousness. Buddhism was built on consciousness. All great religions - all earth-shaking philosophies were first built into the structure of life through a vast chainwork of consciousness.

All who are today engaged in trying to solve the interplanetary enigma believe these space visitors will soon be here in numbers. Many feel as your author does that there are literally thousands of them close at hand and should an emergency arise they can be here almost on a moment's notice. I have both seen "it in vision, and have been thusly told by Diane they are now building a foundation upon which will one day emerge, cities in the sky. Here they will set up their beacons. This will be their watch-tower from whence signals will be sent forth. From this vantage point they will project their way of influence. They will cause the light to shine in the hearts of countless millions. To those who are prepared to see them, they will be permitted to talk with them and know them as they are.

The Venusians dwell in peace and happiness. In their hearts they want us to know that peace, too. Human hearts are weeping today because of the turmoil in which they must live. If we were given a choice most of us would like to run away from the explosions of the world.

In making a survey of human lives your author has been amazed to find how many are ardently seeking a new way of life. Should all those who claim these "unidentified flying objects" are nothing more than cosmic vapors and playful seagulls win out in the Court of Public Opinion, this would not nullify the great good that has already resulted there from. Every great thinker has said: "Whatever the human mind can imagine it can ultimately achieve." This has been proven over and over again. Today the whole world is space-minded. Enough "imagination" behind this thought and tomorrow space travel will be a commonplace happening.

Your writer for one does not entertain the “imagination” idea. Destiny has strange ways of working her greater miracles. The Bible says: “And these signs follow them that believe.” Those who believe are the privileged ones. They stand as a rock, a bulwark against all false conceptions.

We are at the crucial turn of an epoch. How -we turn that corner is up to us. From time to time someone will be singled out of the mass to lead-the way. They will be able to read the signposts along the path. A few. will heed their warnings. These few will help to lead others into the fold. It won’t be an open road. There will be difficulties to be -sure, but those fearless of the hazards will be sure to attain. If we pull on the rope together it will make for easier going. It takes great courage to enlarge our spheres, but what have we to lose?

When we start out to investigate life’s mysteries, new enthusiasms are born. Every nation in the world that has attained greatness did so because of its pioneering spirit. We have pioneered our own earthly frontiers. Now a new gate has been opened to us. Some of us may make mistakes along the line, but it is a stepping stone ahead. If we refuse to take those first tottering steps we will not get there.

As numbers are added, gathered together in the fold of ONE THOUGHT, gradually consciousness begins to change. When the new viewpoint is launched in the body of humanity new patterns of living are drafted. The change soon becomes apparent in the lives of countless numbers. The more human fuel that is added the faster it grows.

This is a task in which all may share. A task in which all should be happy to share.

How can it be accomplished? Consciousness is *believing* - having faith, then extending that faith to others. When we are made acutely aware there is something better in store for us, then we can help make our world aware in the same way.

Hundreds of centuries have fled since this present cycle was ushered in. The seventh trumpet has sounded. Hark! The angels sing!

For “now have the unstable kingdoms of the world become the Kingdom of our World and His Christ.” Rev. 11:15.

THE END